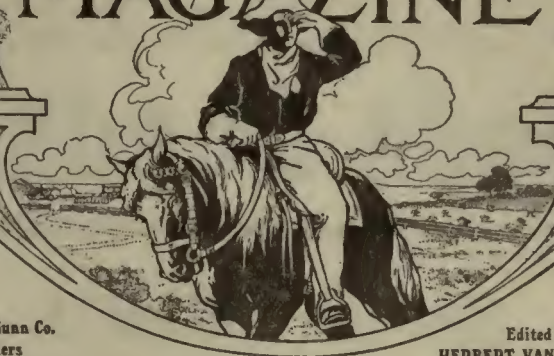
CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE



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The Furnace—See Page 687

CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1907

VOL. II. NO. 6

A Paternal Corporation

By E. Cora Hind

Paper 4

Fort William—where the wheat goes down to the ships

THERE is a wonderful suggestiveness innames, and "Canadian Pacific Railway," "Kaministiquia River," and "Lake Superior" are certainly names to conjure with. The railway, the iron link binding the Dominion together, Kaministiquia—the "river of gathered waters and many mouths"—Superior, the last and largest of the great system of lakes connecting the Atlantic seaboard with the interior of the great Dominion!

Standing on a bright day on the top of elevator "D", one hundred and seventy feet above the level of the river bank, and following the grand sweep of river and coast, the conviction strikes home that this great water front belongs, not to the Canadian Pacific Railway, not to Fort William or Port Arthur, not to Ontario, new or old, but to the great Dominion of Canada; and is at once the interest and glory of every man in the east who manufactures a reaper, a yard of cotton, a ball of binder twine, a wheelbarrow or a steam plow, and of every man in the west who raises a bushel of grain or who has to buy a ton of coal. To Fort William belongs more especially the water front of the Kaministiquia, which is navigable for boats of eighteen foot draft for eight or ten miles or half way to the famous Kakabeka falls.

On the fifth of August, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, it was the good fortune of the writer to see Fort William from the deck of the old steamer "City of Owen Sound" and at that time it hardly differed from the picture at the close of this article which shows the condition of the fort in eighteen hundred and seventy. The quaint old block house was vastly suggestive of Ballantyne's stories of the Hudson's Bay Company and looked properly

A MILL AND ONE OF THE MANY ELEVATORS

romantic. Now, there is not a vestige of the old fort remaining.

In eighteen hundred eighty-two it was a trading post, with all the hoary traditions of the fur trade clinging about it. To-day it is the most modern of terminal cities with over fifty railway tracks within its limits, huge elevators, great coal and oil docks and enormous freight sheds. All day long the air is full of the shriek of whistles, the ringing of engine bells, the creak and strain of lifting cranes and the whirr of electricity. The romance of fur trading is no more, the greater romance of modern development is in the making; and no fairy tale was ever more entrancing than the open page of Fort William's growing time. A month could be spent on the docks, and every hour would bring a new experience.

The Fort William of to-day is a city of fifteen years growth, and its selection by the Canadian Pacific Railway as their terminal port for inland navigation was only an endorsement of the judgment of the intrepid Du Shut who, under French Dominion, built the first post for trading on the present site of Fort William as early as 1669. Robertal endorsed Shut in seventeen hundred and seventeen, and LaVerandrye also used it as a base of supplies, when he made his first trip to the Red River in seventeen hundred thirty-one. From that day to the present it has been regarded, and rightly, as one of the greatest of the strategetical points for trade on the American continent. The Hudson's Bay Company valued highly its broad plateau running back from the river, when as many as three thousand trappers with their families assembled there at the time of the spring round-up of furs. In nineteen hundred and seven the energetic railway man feels confident that heaven designed that plateau for the convenient laying out of a network of tracks that look like a Chinese puzzle to all but the initiated. From the mouth of the Kaministiquia up past West Fort William, a distance of over seven miles, this high level land runs back from the river for more than a mile, giving ample space on the water front for railway tracks and docks as well as for the business and residential portion of the city, though the latter will, no doubt, in time extend up into the grand encircling hills.

Fort William has all the essentials of

a great manufacturing city, and many industries have already sprung up, for with ten thousand horse power from the lovely Kakabeka falls for the cheap operation of machinery, and with tremendous supplies of raw material close at hand, Fort William has much to offer the manufacturer looking for a location.

New Ontario, which is directly tributary to Fort William, can boast of one hundred thousand acres of iron ore deposits equal in quality to those of the Missaba range that has made Duluth famous for the shipment of pig iron. In addition to iron there are gold, silver, zinc and copper ores in abundance, sand suitable for the making of the finest grades of glass, splendid pottery and brick clays, while for the lumberman there is at least thirty million acres of tamarac and birch forests and one million acres of pine, which is now of such rapidly increasing value.

If any young Canadian, east or west, or any young American, doubts the greatness of the Dominion, or fails to grasp the possibilities of her growing commerce, let him spend his next vacation at Fort William and three or four days among the elevators and the docks will turn him from a Doubting Thomas to a red hot enthusiast. "Seeing is believing" runs the old saw, and to stand on the docks at Fort William, with their eight thousand feet of water front, and watch the freight flow in and the wheat flow out, is to realize that here the promise of the future is so plainly written that any man may read it.

Perhaps in no one particular has the Canadian Pacific Railway shown a more paternal foresight than in the erection of elevators at Fort William, for when the foundations of elevator "A" were laid in eighteen hundred and eighty-four there were many miles of railway unbuilt between Fort William and Winnipeg and wheat raising in the Canadian west was even then but an experiment, and yet an elevator was undertaken that would hold one mil-

CHAMPION FOUR JUNIOR CREW AT FORT WILLIAM

KAKABEKA FALLS, NEAR FORT WILLIAM

lion, two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of wheat. The building was completed and actually carried a little of the wheat of the crop of eighteen hundred and eighty-five. It was a typical wooden metal clad elevator, such as in these days may be seen at any country station, but at the time it was completed it was regarded as a wonder, and many a wiseacre of those days desired to know "where the wheat was coming from to fill it?"

Though not so modern as its stately neighbors "B", "C", "D" and "E" elevator "A" has a record that many a more modern building might envy. It has never been on fire, has rarely, if ever, broken down at the critical moment, and can boast of loading one hundred and seventy thousand bushels of wheat in four and one half hours.

Elevator "B" was originally the same type as "A" but, being destroyed by fire a few years ago, was replaced by the most modern type of steel bin elevator. "C" and "E" are wooden, metal clad buildings, but elevators "D", situated nearly a mile from elevator "A", was the first tank elevator to be erected at a Canadian Lake Superior terminal, and is a little kingdom by itself. It has its own steam plant, electric light plant, fire system and water supply, and should all the the other elevators break down at once, and the central power system of the Canadian Pacific at Fort William go out of commission, elevator "D" would continue doing business at the old stand and give an excellent account of itself. It covers an immense area, being six hundred feet long from the railway tracks to the river end, as the tanks are of varying sizes, it presents a very odd appearance. It has a storage

capacity of three million, five hundred thousand bushels. Being more especially constructed for winter storage "D" is not as rapid in its operation as some of the smaller houses but in a single month she has been known to unload from cars and load into vessels two million two hundred and twenty-five thousand bushels or sixteen thousand four hundred and seven bushels for every working hour of the month.

The Canadian Pacific has in its terminal elevators at Fort William storage for nearly ten million bushels of wheat. During the past twelve months there has been shipped outward from the head of the lakes seventy eight million, sixty-six thousand, three hundred and fifty one bushels of western grain. Of this amount fifty-three million three hundred and ninety-three thousand bushels were brought in, in Canadian Pacific cars and passed outwards through the same company's elevators, so that although the great railway is no longer the sole warehouseman for western wheat at the head of the Great Lakes it still does the lion's share of the business.

Next to the elevators the Canadian Pacific coal docks are among the most interesting points in Fort William. They are erected on historic ground, for on it formerly stood the old block house and other offices of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort as it was constituted in eighteen hundred and sixty-nine and eighteen hundred and seventy. The site is much nearer to the mouth of the river than either the elevators or the freight sheds. The actual water front occupied by the coal plant is two thousand feet by a depth of two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred feet. To these docks come nearly all the American anthracite coal used in the Canadian west, and all the soft coal used by the Canadian Pacific on their western divisions. The hard coal is stored in great sheds

SILVER LION ROCK, NEAR FORT WILLIAM

erected by the railway at the western end of the docks and these sheds are leased in sections to the various coal companies of Winnipeg. The capacity of these sheds is ninety-five thousand tons. They are filled and emptied at least three times during the season and when navigation closes they are always full to the roof. But even the hard coal is a small matter compared to the soft coal, for the coal bill is always the heaviest individual item of expense to a railway during any year and the coal consumed in the tremendous hauls of the Canadian west is enough to give even the most optimistic general manager bad dreams. The soft coal docks at Fort William are eleven hundred long by two hundred and seventy-five deep and have a capacity of two hundred thousand tons, though it is rarely that more than one hundred and sixty thousand tons are allowed to accumulate for fear of spontaneous combustion.

The extreme water front of the docks is occupied by tracks for loading cars, while immediately behind and above these are the frame works for supporting the towers and bridges. In machinery for unloading coal there are two prime requisites—speed in operation and the least possible breakage of coal. In putting in their coal plant the Canadian Pacific naturally gave much attention to these points, and to-day they have one of the most rapidly operated plants in America, the clams being able to sustain an operation of four trips or four tons per minute for a very considerable length of time, and all of them can make three trips per minute and keep it up throughout the entire unloading of a barge.

The Canadian Pacific freight sheds are also wonderful places, more especially those devoted to mixed freight. The sheds have a total length of eighteen hundred feet and are brilliantly lighted at night. The capacity of the exclusively freight sheds is six hundred cars and the tonnage that passed through them last year was close upon two million. A great deal of the freight handling is done at night and a truly weird picture it is that these freight sheds present, looking more like a scene from the Arabian Nights than twentieth century commerce. Not a little of both inward and outward freight is carried in the Canadian Pacific Railway company's own vessels as they have three large steamers running on the upper lakes, the Alberta, Athabasca and the Manitoba. These boats are splendidly fitted passenger steamers but carry freight as well.

So the great national railway has built upon the banks of the Kaministiquia at the head of Superior a city whose proudest boast is that through its portals the golden stream of western wheat flows in ever increasing volume downward to the waiting ships.

OLD FORT WILLIAM AS IT APPEARED IN 1870

DRAWN BY FLORENCE M PRETZ

I BARTER AT MY WHARVES WITH ALL THE WORLD

The Welcome of the Cities

Vancouver

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

ABOVE the Narrows sleep my lion-guards,
Rough-maned and silent, where my ships go down
In stately wise to meet the saphhire seas.
The long Pacific swells break softly here
Upon my jewelled beaches, and the breeze
Touches my children with a faint caress;
My streets end in blue vistas of the sound,
And o'er my people the snow-mountains brood.

They call me Liverpool among my mills;
I barter at my wharves with all the world.
Chinese and Indian, Japanese and Jain,
Silken and grave, pass in my market-place
Among the Saxons of my lotus-land,
And at my portals East and West are one.

Life on a Liner

By Cy Warman

Author of "Stories of the Railroad," etc.

EVERYBODY was happy—period.

The low waves washed the English coast and lapped the Liner that lay loading at Liverpool for Montreal. The freight, going aboard—the quick and the dead—was mixed; there were Englishmen, Americans, Canadians, Scotch and a few cases of Rye. An enthusiastic young man, whose pure English and American accent proclaimed him a press agent for the Allan Line, was telling a young man from Michigan of the great advantages of the revolution that was being worked or would be worked by the introduction of the Turbine steamer.

Mrs. Pay-dirt, from Placerville, remarked that she would prefer the American line but she "had come this way in order to see Sir Montaigy on the bridge at midnight."

We had taken not more than two turns on the promenade deck, when the Italian Marquis, whom I had met in London, nudged me and gasped, "By Jove." I ought to explain here that the Marquis' mother was English. This English exclamation was called out by the appearance on the deck of a stately blonde—a most striking face and figure. She was the sort of woman to make men sit up and take notice. She reminded me of a sudden sunrise in the desert. I, being sensitive, was speechless. She was a dream. At this moment, a handsome American, whom I knew but slightly, advanced and lifted his hat to the lady, who gave him a hand, shaking high above the belt.

Now it seems a foolish thing, and it was a foolish thing, but instantly the little Marquis conceived a great hatred for the handsome Yankee.

We walked the deck.

Loving harmony and hating discord, I purposely introduced the American to the Mark. The atmosphere was icy.

When the Liner had backed, bowed to Britain and set her face to earth's Mainland, America, the passengers began to file on their several locations and stake their claims. When we were thirty minutes out, half the women and all the men knew there was a beautiful blonde aboard, but I alone knew that there would be a desperate struggle for the claim immediately adjoining the lady when she had selected her location. Unfortunately for the Mark and the American, Mrs. Pay-dirt bounded the beauty on the left and an uninteresting man from Michigan on the right.

We walked the deck.

At the table the Marquis sat at the Captain's right, the American at his left, with the writer supporting the Italian. I did what I could to help the tactful Captain mix the men at his right and left, but it seemed hopeless from the start. The handsome American monopolized the lady the first day out, save when the Mark was away, when he would invariably bring her over and suffer her to sift a little sunshine my way. Personally, I care no more for a beautiful woman than a cowboy does for his life, but I enjoyed having the handsome couple come over and visit with me. When the Mark came up I would excuse myself and walk with him, for he was an unruffled, charming little gentleman, handy with his English and his sword and absolutely without fear.

At times it seemed to me that the talk between the American and the lady was rough and choppy, and by the

time we had reached mid-ocean there were frowns on her fair face. Once as we passed I heard her say scornfully, "What's two million? Ten would be slight compensation for the agony I endured." Then the American left her and walked alone.

The third day out the uninteresting man from Michigan grew seasick and instantly the Italian jumped his claim. After that, the fat man remained below and the Mark continued to do the assessment work. In time, the American catching the Mark off his guard, dropped into the seat beside the beauty. I saw the Mark emerge from the Captain's cabin, - winged him - and walked him away and around to the other side—separating as it were, the powder from the match. By this time the Mark was actually in love, desperately in love, with the woman, and he walked me back to where the handsome couple sat talking confidentially. The Mark paused in front of the American but the American did not see him. He hemmed, but the American was mute.

"I beg your pardon," the Mark began, "but you have my seat."

The American glanced up and smiled as he would smile on a child, then turned and resumed his conversation. The blonde blushed. She knew as I knew, that these men were smoking in the powder-house.

"I wish to speak with you," said the Mark, excitedly.

"Presently," answered the American.

The Mark turned on his heel and joined me.

We walked the deck.

Presently, the lady, fearing bloodshed, no doubt. left her seat, and as she disappeared the American faced the Mark.

"I demand an apology," said the Italian.

"From whom?"

"From you."

"For what?"

"For your action, for your look, for your insolence, for your walk and talk; I ought to say for being on this boat, in the same atmosphere, in the same world with gentlemen."

The American blew smoke out over the ocean and smiled, such a cutting, killing, sarcastic smile that the hot blood boiled in the scant breast of the little nobleman. As he appeared to be speechless, the American spoke.

"You make me tired."

"Will you fight?" hissed the Italian.

"You make me laugh," And he laughed aloud.

I put my hand gently on the shoulder of the Mark and felt his tense little body quiver under my touch. I stood up and covered the powder with the ample skirts of my raincoat.

The Mark whirled and faced the American.

"This lady is my friend; it has cost me great effort to endure your insolence."

"And she has cost me two million," said the American, with indifference.

"What do you mean, sir; I demand an explanation."

"Well," said the American, " as you are naturally a decent little chap I will explain. She's my grandmother."

"How dare you?" snapped the Mark.

And it seemed for a moment that he would fly into the face of the American in front of him.

"Now don't get gay, Spigetta, let me finish. This lady married my father's father and it cost me two million to pry them apart."

An Englishman's Diary

The Biography of an investigating trip from Edmonton to Port Arthur

DISCOVERED

By Arthur Hawkes

To read a diary is usually an insipid experience. A Cornishman said of women "Women be like pilchards when they be good they be only middlin'; and when they be bad they *BE* bad." He was wrong about women. As a rule diaries are like pilchards; but there are exceptions. What follows is the unpremeditated work of an English journalist with a party which recently toured Canada; and which from Edmonton to Port Arthur, travelled fifteen hundred miles over the Canadian Northern system. The diary that follows was found in the Company's private car that accompanied theirs, and the writer has generously placed what he calls, his "crude impressions" at the disposal of the Canada-West.—Editor.

EDMONTON, SATURDAY.—AUGUST 17, 10.30 P.M.—Remarkable place, this, though we saw it in pelting rain. Noble situation on high bluffs overlooking Saskatchewan. Plenty of trees, wide streets, electric light; and all that sort of thing. Fourteen banks, some of them very fine, built in stone and brick. Two daily newspapers. Met the Premier of Alberta—plain, downright chap, without any side—and saw old Hudson's Bay Fort, and site of new $1,500,000 Parliament building. Lots of talk about dollars. Over fifty Edmonton men have made $100,000 or more since the railway was definitely promised. Presbyterian site has appreciated so much that the whole will be sold, including building erected 1903, and two fine churches built elsewhere with the proceeds. Energetic Board of Trade here—own rooms, display of farm products, finely printed literature about immediate locality and Peace River country. Board dined us at Hotel—capital meal—and evening spent at club. Population of town only 15,000, but club would do credit to city of 100,000 people. Surprised us all. Western stories at club. Some of them pretty strong. We capped a few.

BATTLEFORD, SUNDAY NIGHT. Don't know which Battleford, for we are travelling from one to another on opposite banks of Saskatchewan across fine steel bridge. Queerest Sunday I ever spent. Heard nothing about piety but so much about prosperity that Attenborough said everybody was disgustingly worldly. Travelled from Edmonton by special train; finding ourselves while dressing, at first crossing Saskatchewan by bridge used for trains above and teams below. Passed many towns only two years old. We think they are villages.

Stopped at Vegreville to receive Mayor, Council and Board of Trade, who presented an address. McConkey suitably acknowledged. Quite a joke for us to be receiving addresses; no reporters present!! Mayors and Boards of Trade everywhere desperately anxious to impress their belief that they have the best land and finest prospects in the country. This greatly tickles Elliston. He does much political speaking in England, and weeps over dullness and lack of enterprise in rural districts there. Calls this a new world of hope and independence—certainly remarkable enthusiasm. The result, I suppose of men acquiring land for themselves and growing crops that make money.

Changed engines at one place—Vermillion, I think—and were at lunch when a hotel keeper, an English Giles, came regretting the Board of Trade had not turned up and asked us to lunch with him. Awfully decent of him. They are hospitable in this country and no mistake. At Lloydminster, a great crowd and miniature agricultural show on the platform. The center of the Barr Colony that came from England five years ago. Barr, they say, was a d—d fool. Barr has gone, and the rest have gone ahead and become

leavened with a few Canadian ideas, farming methods and that sort of thing. Seven or eight Englishmen from the Colony rode with us to Battleford, delighted to pour their troubles and triumphs into our ears. Asked after cricket and politics at home, talked a great deal about crops, threshing, oxen, colts, shacks and things I could not understand. All of them like enthusiastic missioners. Their accent English enough. Their spirit transformed—must be product of crops and cattle they talk so much about.

Tonight we dined at Old Battleford, once capital of the country. Never saw a prettier, better supplied, more admirably served table. Too much speechifying, though. They made nearly all of us orate. We would have liked more stories of pre-railway times, and the rebellion, such as my neighbor told me about the Mayor, who had narrow escapes when the Indians were warpathing. But it was Sunday night; and the air of subdued restraint pervaded our happiness. Fellow who wrote, "Sabbath well spent brings a week of content" should have been with us today.

WARMAN, TUESDAY.—Waiting for Winnipeg Express. Been filling time trying to plow. All of us successful in making straight furrows crooked. Fine fun all the same, especially for the townspeople who watched. Soil here is black, without stones, and turns over like mellow cheese. Anyone could plow with a little practice, getting used to stiff arms and saying "Gee" and "Haw" to horses that don't listen carefully to what you say. Yesterday's journey was from North Battleford another extraordinary place but two years old, to Saskatchewan and then to Prince Albert, 90 miles north by special train; mostly through level prairie country, nearly all covered with wheat.

Saskatoon five years ago was nothing. Now five thousand people. Going to Prince Albert we stopped at Rosthern and met Mayor of town and Dominion and Saskatchewan M.P's. — I am getting used to the difference between Dominion and the provinces. Cromb, Scotch and statistical, asked a citizen the population of Rosthern. His answer was "Eight elevators." Picked up Mr. Ens, M.P.P. Told us he never left Russia till fifteen years ago—most extraordinary, for he talks good English, and knows the country like a book. Another M.P.P. came on the train at Fielding in the morning—Mr. Langley, formerly of London. Calls himself a transformed Englishman. Original member of the Fabian Society. Was eight years learning to adapt himself to new conditions. Sorry I did not talk more with him, for Speers, the Government representative chaperoning us, says Langley is the best type of teachable Englishman. Stories we hear convince me Englishmen have much to learn in new country. Rawness not all on one side. At Prince Albert we went over a saw mill that manipulated big logs like nine pins, and cut them up like cucumbers. Didn't expect to find such timber hereabouts. Supposed this was all prairie country, producing only wheat and cattle. Mill employs six hundred men and transmits 15 carloads lumber daily over the Canadian Northern. Prince Albert, long straggling City, on south bank of Saskatchewan; wide-awake, with its own publicity man, looking for more industries. Inter alia, fine opening for pulp mills.

Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Bishop of Saskatchewan, hearing of our invasion invited us to Bishopsthorpe. All meekly obeyed. Met charming ladies, two, it was said, of Indian extraction. Another, a highly educated Englishman, waxed eloquent in praise of western life—could not live in England, you know; conventional restrictions, inimical to resourcefulness; and that sort of thing. Here at Warman, awaiting our train, I marvel at the traffic. Two lines cross the main line to Edmonton and the Regina-Prince Albert branch. All sidings are full of trains, passengers and goods, and the platforms crowded with people. Can't see where all the traffic comes from, for they are not carrying this year's wheat yet. Well dressed people too. No cowboys or revolvers or feathered

Party of British Journalists touring Canada, photographed on their arrival at Winnipeg, August 6th. It would be interesting to know which of them wrote the Diary of their trip from Edmonton to Port Arthur, which is reproduced in this number of CANADA-WEST. The Journalists represented some of the greatest newspapers published in the United Kingdom.

Indians. Archbishop, sitting on a soap box, reading newspaper, completes the respectability of the scene.

LATER.—Vonda has become an affectionate reminiscence with us. At four o'clock we had never heard of Vonda. At five we were cheering for Vonda as if she were the dearest girl in all the world. She is a town. Another two-year-old that talks with grown-up assurance. Met at station west of Vonda by Grant, M.P.P., and the town officials, bearing flags, and facts such as that the first season of 1905, Vonda shipped 100,000 bushels of wheat, the second she exported 500,000 bushels; and this year will sell 750,000—over one pound of wheat for every human being in the United Kingdom. Vonda is only a sample of places along the line. Extraordinary. The train was held five minutes for us to receive an address, inspect field crops, glance over a 400 acre field of wheat adjoining the townsite, express gratitude, cheer for them, salute the girls, get away; and tell the steward that the bunch of vegetables brought aboard were radishes and not beets, as he supposed.

RAINY RIVER, THURSDAY.—No time for anything at Winnipeg, except bathe, write letters and have a quiet night. We would have slept better on the car. Would not have supposed a private car could become so homelike. From Vonda to Winnipeg nothing but excellent country—best country that ever lay out of doors, as a caller said. Visitors to car included one German, Haskamp, who brought 6,000 Germans to the land around Humboldt, and one Dane, Anderson, who introduced dairy methods that have given Denmark pre-eminence in the British market. Speaks English perfectly, though only six years out. First Mayor of Humboldt. Curious to find the skill that beats English dairying at home operating on the prairie and defying competition in Winnipeg, 400 miles away.

Dauphin struck me impressively. Opulent-looking farms on Portage Plains with planted trees around buildings show what open country north and west will become. West of Humboldt there is much park-land sprinkled with ponds very comforting to English eyes. We came to Rainy River to-day by special train, to see a great saw mill and methods of bringing logs down the river, sorting them. Went up stream in fleet launches, and down to see the steel swing bridge that unites Ontario and Minnesota. River banks dotted with farmsteads, with backgrounds of sylvan beauty. Moose and other big game abound in backwoods. Fine sport at supper given by Mayor. Longstaffe responded for "The King and his Empire." Elliston, being a barrister, says it is treasonable to pretend to speak for King. Longstaffe wants the imperial salary for representing the King. We have promised to look into the matter.

PORT ARTHUR, FRIDAY.—No more education till Sunday, thank Heaven. They should have given us twice the time to cover half the distance. This morning there was a beauty in the sight of Kakabeka falls; and business in going around the waterside assets of this place. Rained and thundered while we sailed Thunder Bay. They told us the Canadian Northern terminal facilities here were not linked with Winnipeg until 1902, and that the railway's elevator holding 7,000,000 bushels of wheat, and its coal dock that will this season receive 5,000,000 tons of fuel, are only three years old. Blast furnaces smelting ore from Atikokan up the line, have only been going since July 17th. Turning out 100 tons of first-class pig daily, extending soon to produce 350 tons. These things should be verified or some reader will think we are exaggerators. Must have time to sort out impressions. Longstaffe thinks little of blast furnaces. "I don't bother with industries a month old," he says. All very well for a man who has spent thirty years in attendance on Grandmother of Parliaments: but if a million-dollar Smelting Company starts up on this lake and presently other industries are begun here to supply with iron and steel goods that tremendous country we have just left, who are going to profit, Canadians or Americans, or Britishers? Must ask more questions about that. Besides, I want to know what—.

From "The Crossing" to The City

By M. A. Munro

SUCCESS in Western Canada, perhaps more than anywhere else, depends rather on the individual than on the favorable or unfavorable auspices under which he may make his start, and it is with pardonable pride that Westerners point to scores of leading men in agricultural and mercantile circles as well as in public life, whose force of intellect and indomitable perseverance have lifted them from humble spheres to guide the destinies of our magnificent Western heritage.

The Canadian West is a country of vast extent, only sufficiently developed to reveal the immensity and possibilities of its potential wealth. Less than a short twenty-five years ago its white population could be numbered in four figures. Today immigration is pouring in at the rate of over a hundred thousand souls per annum. A huge stream of humanity fleeing from the grinding competition of the Old World and Eastern States and Provinces, seeking free or cheap lands and the wider the scope of a new field of labor.

Still the choice of a home is one of great moment to the prospective settler or investor and the advantages offered both as a residential and industrial center by Red Deer are undeniable and well worth investigating.

The town of Red Deer stands on the south bank of the Red Deer river and occupies an ideal townsite, surrounded by benches of land delightfully wooden with spruce and poplar, at the foot of which for a considerable distance, winds a serpentine creek, presenting through many a shady nook and winding walk delightful retreats for spring and summer enjoyment.

Standing as the town does, midway between Calgary and Edmonton, each being about 100 miles away, thus occupying a most advantageous position and possessing as it does great natural advantages, Red Deer is rapidly becoming an important railway center.

There are two large brickyards, three lumbering outfits, stone quarries, a large up-to-date flour mill and elevator. A second elevator handles grain of all kinds. The town also possesses the advantage of two telephone systems (long distance and local), electric lighting, a town water supply for domestic purposes with a pressure of 120 pounds on the hydrants for fire protection. There are six large general stores, carrying first class stocks, three large modern hotels fully licensed (the accommodation in which will compare with that given in towns three or four times the size of Red Deer), several unlicensed hotels and boarding houses, a government court house completed at a cost of some $25,000, two chartered banks, two up-to-date weekly newspaper offices, a hospital, government creamery, a six thousand dollar public school with five departments, five churches of the following denominations: Methodist, Presbyterian, Anglican, Baptist and Roman Catholic; government land office, a new and modern postoffice, opera house, skating rink, R.N.W.M.P. barracks, five doctors, two dentists and three law firms.

The early history of Red Deer centers around a small colony founded some three miles west from where the town now stands, a beautiful spot, where in years that have rolled by, traders journeyed from Calgary and across the mountains to Edmonton, made their first halt, fording the river at what was known as the "Red Deer Crossing." and replenishing their supplies at a trading station formerly owned by Mr. King, and bought by Mr. Gaetz in 1884.

In the fall of 1883 the Rev. Leo Gaetz whose health after thirteen years of too strenuous labors in the east, broke down, made the journey from London, Ont., to Calgary, thence as far north as Sturgeon Creek, and in his own words, was so "charmed with the country around the Red Deer crossing that I went back east and migrated in the spring of 1884 with my family to settle at this beautiful place."

Pioneers they truly were in the best sense of the word, only eight whites being located within a radius of 40 miles, and Mrs. Gaetz the only white woman, excepting the wives of the missionaries, some sixty miles away, within a radius of 100.

In canvas tents the earlier days were spent, till the first house was built, a pole shanty with mud roof. Mr. Gaetz whose eldest son, was at that time eighteen years of age, immediately secured two homesteads, gifts of the nation, on the site that the town of Red Deer now occupies, and as his other boys grew up, the family controlled over 1,100 acres, only 300 of which were purchased.

Dr. Gaetz, being well known in the east, made a journey to Ottawa in 1886, taking with him nine samples of grain, and vastly interested Sir John Carling, the then minister of agriculture. At that time pre-eminence was claimed by the south of Scotland for oats, and samples were being exhibited by Mr. Saunders, but the Red Deer samples easily outstripped them, weighing over 53 lbs. to the bushel. In 1889 Dr. Gaetz being again in Ottawa, was invited by Messrs. McKenzie and James Bros. to meet a delegation of iron founders from Birmingham, who were much impressed with his statements and the possibilities of Northern Alberta.

From extracts of Dr. Gaetz's evidence before the committee on agriculture and colonization, the following excerpt is interesting, when, he speaking of the Red Deer district, described it as "The garden of Alberta, a country pre-eminently suited to mixed farming. It has some peculiar features in this respect, and is a well wooded and well watered country . . So far as water is concerned, I am glad to think that the indications are that there will be no need to mention irrigation, at least in northern Alberta. . . .We have those magnificent water courses, mountain streams, and also creeks and springs. Even at a very high, rolling point on the prairie are flowing out of the sides of the hills and in the coulees, springs of water that remain open the year round. I have never known a solitary instance in that section of the country, where a man had to dig more than 20 to 30 feet to have at hand a well of the purest and best water . . . .It does not take any great skill to raise cattle, which at 28 to 30 months old will dress without an ounce of grain 650 to 700 pounds of beef, or if three-year-old, will dress 800 to 850 pounds. I am speaking of what I have seen, and am testifying to what I know by personal experience. In farming, even a novice like myself in average years can grow crops of grain—oats from 50 to 75 bushels to the acre, and weighing from 40 to 50 pounds to the bushel; wheat from 35 to 40 bushels to the acre, and weighing from 62 to 64 pounds per bushel; black barley 35 to 40 bushels to the acre, weighing from 60 to 65 pounds to the bushel. We have grown 400 bushels of potatoes and 700 bushels of turnips to the acre. I may say that I have seen greater things than that there, but I am not taking what is phenomenal, under very exceptional and favorable circumstances, but what I believe the average farmer with average care and application can realize five years out of six. I have known yields of eighty-three bushels to the acre of Welcome oats, and I have seen 90 bushels per acre grown at Red Deer. . . .I have this to say in all truth and candor, I have closely examined into the matter, and I don't know a spot on earth, either south or north of the 49th parallel, where I would rather take my chance in the industry of mixed farming . . . .There are millions of acres of deep soil in the various sections of the Red Deer country that are entirely unoccupied."

By this time financial men were turning their attention to the possibilities of a railway line from Calgary to Edmonton, and the Gaetz family, pooling their interests, as wise and sensible men, gave half of their lands to the railway company, to make, with valuable concessions, an important station in the now flourishing and beautiful town of Red Deer in Northern Alberta.

For the purpose of mixed farming, no settler could do better than locate in central Alberta, and more particularly does this apply to the Red Deer country. This country may be described as a combination of prairie and foothill, where the beautiful valleys and rich level tracts are surrounded by rising hills which are crowned by poplar, willow and spruce. The soil of this tract is almost everywhere found to be a rich, dark loam, capable of producing the finest of grain and vegetables, together with rich native hay, grasses and fruits, everywhere abundance of the purest water is found, generally at a depth of from ten to thirty feet. There are also numerous natural springs flowing out of the hillsides. In most of the timber settlements there is plenty of timber for building and fencing, which the settler is allowed to procure at a nominal rate from the government lands. Lumber and bricks are also manufactured sufficient for all purposes. As regards hay, naturally the sloughs grow long, nutritious hay, which provides excellent winter fodder for horses and cattle. As settlement increases, however, this becomes scarcer and after a time it will be found to be more profitable for a farmer to grow some of the varieties of cultivated grasses which by experiments have been found to do remarkably well.

Red Deer has proved in the past, as it undoubtedly will in the future, to be one of the finest grain producing centers in western Canada. The fall fair each year brings wheat, oats, barley and rye, of many varieties and of a splendid quality, which good judges declare to be unsurpassed in any other grain country on earth. There have been years when an early frost would do some damage, at some points in the west, but Red Deer district has been fortunate in this respect and as more land is broken up, the soil as a whole becomes warmer, and as men are learning to adapt their system of farming to the requirements of the country, the fear of frost grows continually less. It is no uncommon thing to find grain yielding from 60 to 100 bushels per acre, and oats are constantly grown weighing between 40 and 50 lbs. to the bushel.

For dairying purposes the clear atmosphere, bright sunshine, rich pasture and cheap fodder, all combine to make this one of the most perfect of dairying countries.

There are two creameries established, which are the means of putting thousands of dollars into the pockets of the people. One is a private enterprise, the other being under government management. This district is destined to be one of the great dairying centers of Canada.

While not a general ranching country, beef cattle do remarkably well. It is advisable, as it is more profitable, to feed during a portion of the winter. At the end of three years the farmer finds each steer which has consumed this rough fodder during the winter, and enjoyed free pasture during the summer, worth from $35 to $40.

The beef market is regular and reliable, and many hundreds of cattle are shipped from Red Deer each season. Hogs, sheep and poultry do quite as well as cattle, are found to be equally profitable and are receiving a growing amount of attention.

Several beautiful lakes exist in the district, notably, Sylvan Lake, a few miles west, which has become famous as a summer camping ground, and where boating, bathing, fishing, can be enjoyed under exceptionally favorable circumstances.

In addition to the industrial possibilities of Red Deer, it would be indeed difficult to choose a more delightful spot, viewed as a residential center.

The Furnace

Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

By Philip Payne

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly—as advertising manager for Worth & Ware—a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Patrice Powell, Mr. Worth's ward, "just a nice girl"; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Romaine Eccleston, an aristocratic Canadian woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Before he sails, Mrs. Eccleston makes an honest endeavor to get closer to her husband; she asks him to drop his ribald companions; she even urges him to abandon the trip to Europe and remain with her. Mark chooses to "gang his ain gait." Mrs. Eccleston then warns him that he must not blame her if she, in turn, chooses to find interest in companionship with another than himself. After Mark sails Mrs. Eccleston and Wytcherly are thrown much together. Their intimacy is productive of an affection for each other, upon which their little world at once puts the worst possible construction. In the meantime Mr. Worth plans a "stag" dinner at which he invites Mrs. Eccleston to preside. The motive back of his invitation is a sinister one. Mr. Worth, through jealousy, gives Wytcherly orders to return to Chicago. Romaine undertakes the arrangements of the stag dinner to the New Yorkers. Jack Wytcherly returns to the city, sending back as a farewell a poem to Romaine, which Mrs. Eccleston recognizes as the original of the verses dedicated to Patrice by Professor Byram. By chance, Patrice discovers the Professor's plagiarism, exposes the trick, and discards him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

THE BARGAIN SHE DROVE.

"THE Turquoise is in sight." Mr. Worth took the field glasses from his eyes. "I know her by the way she has of footing it." He looked at his watch. "Six o'clock just—three hours till dinner. I'll tell you what, Romaine, everything is working like machinery running in oil."

Mrs. Eccleston was standing by his side upon the battlements of the East Tower.

Perhaps a complacency in his tone offended her, or she may have merely deemed it wise. At any rate she then and there gave a short reading from the "Primer of Etiquette," which by order she edited for his benefit.

"Above all else to-night avoid exposition. The mechanism of the dinner will scarcely interest your very unsophisticated guests, who expect to be pleased, not to be called upon to testify to your achievement and their own surprise. They are not countrymen or people to whom anything is new, and therefore your appeal must be to their taste—by the excellence of the food, the elegance of the service, the spritliness of the talk."

"Thanks," responded the meek and docile Mr. Worth. "I'll try not to forget; but I'm not sure that I exactly understand." Between proud complacency and modest trepidation the great merchant had been oscillating the whole afternoon.

She particularized: "Should your guests congratulate you upon the effect; accept their compliments with a sense of the honor done to you, but do not stultify yourself by supplementing

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their congratulations with your own."

"Just so," said Mr. Worth. "I mustn't even mention, if I understand you, that the crab meat is from California by special express, or where I got the Burgundy."

"They do such things," she admitted with disdain. "But I prefer that the price-list be omitted from the menu."

He conned the sense of this. Presently, "But the conversation is what I'm afraid of most," he confessed. "You must take charge of it, especially, Romaine, and look at me, if you see I'm going wrong."

"Trust the talk to take care of itself," she replied. "It will with three such practiced worldlings at your board. I am determined that nothing shall go wrong. The dinner is a symphony, and if a single discordant note is struck, I shall do no less than resent it bitterly."

"Good!" approved Mr. Worth. "If I only could get men like you to work for me, I'd pay them any salary. Your spirit would contribute thousands to my business, Romaine. You make an experienced business man feel that he is getting full value for his money and a little more. It is that which gives him satisfaction rare enough nowadays."

A moment later he remarked: "You talk to me just as I love to think my own daughter would have done, if she, as I intended, had been highly educated and thoroughly at home in the best society."

Mrs. Eccleston had now been three days at the Castle.

"High time, anyway, you were paying us a visit," Mr. Worth had declared. "And when we get the dinner off our hands, I think you had better stay until Mrs. Worth returns to town. With Patrice not here she needs your companionship, while I am unable to consult you as often as I would like, when you're at Idlenesse."

The dinner had literally been thrust upon her. "It's your funeral," the merchant had said humorously. "Do for it as you think best. But spare no expense—that is the one item I insist upon."

Mrs. Worth had not exhibited a particle of jealousy. On the contrary her urging had been unctious that "Romaine must take complete charge." She had argued: "You are so superior, dear; you understand everything that we don't. I can't be expected to rise to occasions such as this, when I'm the invalid I am. And as for Sterling, poor good man, you must always take into account the lack of advantages in his early life. Thank you for consenting, Romaine. I am so glad to surrender the keys to so competent a person for a time."

Mrs. Eccleston had promptly risen specially to the level of the opportunity, to paraphrase admiring Mr. Worth. Whereas already her woman's curiosity had been aroused by the names of the New Yorkers, now her imagination was engaged. So much of modern magic entered into the affair; such means, such richness of material were furnished her. A palace on an island in the lake, a high hall upon the summit of a tower, food brought from the four quarters of the continent, service barbarously prodigal—these factors were combined to make a banquet on the Roman scale, to set forth a Venetian feast. And her artistic faculty grew keen to inform the splendid opulence with elegance, to modify the millionaire magnificence by taste. It was a function that a gentlewoman of refined traditions could with pleasure undertake.

Association of herself with the dinner became so intimate that it seemed quite natural for Mr. Worth to say to her "You will insist upon seeing it through to the end, I'm sure; you wouldn't miss being present for a good deal, would you."

"There is nothing I should like so well," she replied. "If Mrs. Worth approves and can appear."

"Good! I've settled that in advance. She does."

How Mrs. Worth was brought to approve can be gathered from a conversation, which occurred about this time between herself and her lord.

"Harriett, in every respect you have conformed to my wishes, since Romaine

has been with us. I wish to thank you and say how much I am pleased."

"Oh, I have pleased myself some, too; if you please. Indulging Romaine to the top of her bent isn't the least pleasing of diversions by any means."

"But I congratulate you upon your tact, which has induced Romaine to exert in behalf of my dinner her utmost efforts. And I feel confident I can rely upon you to persuade her to consent to be present on the night in question."

"You needn't worry; you couldn't keep Romaine from that dinner, unless you locked her up." A cackling little laugh attested the lady's mirth—"Why she's existed in a perfect glow of gratification ever since she came. The part you have given her to play corresponds precisely with her notion of the purpose for which she was born."

"The point," resumed Mr. Worth, "the point I wish to make is that at the last moment you are to fail to appear. A sudden little indisposition will account for that."

She shot at him a vicious glance; but he, as he was speaking, had politely turned his back.

"You understand?" he asked. He added casually: "it must happen at the very last minute, of course, after Romaine's mind has been set upon appearing and it will be hard for her to change. In fact, it will be better to let her get dressed."

Mrs. Worth lost hold on her discretion. "What you mean is that you are ashamed to let the New Yorkers see your wife. Why don't you say so then?" Wrath changed into wail: "O Sterling, you weren't ashamed of me once, you were glad enough to get me! I wish, I wish that I were dead."

"Come, come, no hysteria!" exclaimed her spouse impatiently. "Business, it's pure business I'm discussing with you now. I'm concerned with impressing the New Yorkers the most I'm able, and your convenient indisposition will further my scheme. Besides, it will greatly save your nerves."

But Mrs. Worth openly rebelled. She could not articulate, but her head shook furiously.

Her husband bent down to the bed, upon which she writhed. "Harriett, listen!" he said in a peculiar voice. When she was still: "You must manage exactly as I say. And above all other things you must not alarm Romaine. If you let her so much as suspect the evil in your mind, she will refuse, and you will have upset my whole arrangement. And I will exact the strictest account."

Unexpectedly she smiled, a smile maliciously sweet, from which she was unable to refrain. She shrewdly had discerned a compensation which was likely to accrue. "Whatever you wish, Sterling." Her master did not perceive that her meek submission was ironical. "A wife should render every assistance, I suppose; even in a case like this."

Word of the sudden indisposition of the hostess came to Mrs. Eccleston at the moment when the French maid, pronounced the toilette perfect and complete. But she did not realize the disappointment that might be the consequence for her, until she was hastening in the direction of Mrs. Worth's apartments.

The dinner was her own, her handiwork, as it were, and she had counted on guiding its destinies to a successful close. Besides she had set her heart on meeting these guests of Mr. Worth. She had heard old-fashioned gentlemen declare that the first gentlemen of New York were gentlemen of the class and in a sense native to England and to old Canada and she wished to discover whether this were true. She desired, moreover, to charm the easterners and thereby enchant Mr. Worth. In fact, now that her appearance at the table was threatened, nay was impossible, she perceived how indispensable a factor in her plan such appearance was. She must be present, in order to procure her lover's happiness and her own.

Mrs. Worth, who lay in bed, was suffering bodily, although her eyes were bright. Her husband, sitting by the bedside, apparently was much perturbed.

"I am so relieved to see you, Romaine, dear," quavered the invalid. "I feel so criminal. Sterling is dreadfully disappointed, poor good man, and I can imagine how put out you are."

Mrs. Eccleston made some inquiries, to which Mrs. Worth replied: "No, it's quite out of the question, I can't appear. I am simply no good, as they say. And Sterling feels so badly, Romaine, dear, —he is so good. Couldn't you manage without me, don't you think; couldn't you take my place?"

Mrs. Eccleston looked from the one to the other. "But that would be impossible—would it not?"

"I can't see the objection, I can't indeed," languidly protested Mrs. Worth. "You know you have a recognized position in our family, dear. We always say that you are almost like a daughter to us, or our niece. People I'm sure, generally understand that it is so. And standing in the relation that you do, is it not your duty to step into this emergency? Besides, you know how completely Mr. Worth has relied upon you, and how with his disadvantages he is dependent on you, Romaine. You ought to think of his predicament before you think of your own, the poor dear man."

Mr. Worth himself was reduced nearly to plaintiveness. "How can I be expected to get through by myself?" he queried. "I can't, that is the long and short of it, and it is not right to let me try. I am sure Romaine will not think of leaving me wholly in the lurch —it would be unlike her, Harriett."

Mrs. Eccleston was perplexed. "But these gentlemen are strangers," she observed. "The extenuating circumstances are unknown to them. What might they not think?"

"Sterling can arrange all that." Mrs. Worth was confident. "Not a man jack of them can think a thing. When he boards the yacht to welcome them, he can relate all about my attack and your relation to the family. Fie, I know you think I'm hopelessly middle-class, Romaine, and with my respectable scruples if I can't see anything to criticise, who will, I'd like to know?"

"Could you not," asked Mrs. Eccleston, after a pause, "could you not manage to appear for a short time?"

Husband and wife exchanged a glance.

"Even my feeble effort to persuade you to do your duty, Romaine, exhausts me," responded Mrs. Worth with a touch of asperity. "Sterling, dear, I think I must request you both to go, if you don't mind. And send O'Grady in at once."

Mr. Worth renewed his appeal after Mrs. Eccleston and he had left his wife's apartment. He urged her filial obligation so strongly upon her, that his favorite only with the greatest difficulty could have denied him.

"Would I indeed, be rendering you a service so invaluable?" she asked finally.

"So great," he answered, "that there will be no reward you cannot claim."

"I'll do it." She struck hands with him as if they both were men. "Be forewarned, however. My demand may be very large."

"Anything you wish, Romaine."

Victory sang in her heart. The king of bargainers she had vised in a bargain to her benefit, she believed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

WHAT SHE PAID.

The pictorial sense of Mrs. Eccleston was livelily aware of the effectiveness of the dinner scene.

The round table, its white linen decorated with a fair embroidery of flowers, lay like a low islet in the dimness of the room. The vast arched wooden ceiling, its timbers groined, its hollows wide, contained shadows deeply graduated like those of Rembrandt. The pale light in its circle played on gold and glass in gleams, revealed clearly hands in use above the cloth, showed starched bosoms and black lapels, but reflected faintly faces and heads not wholly emergent from surrounding shadow. The walls between the ceiling and the floor were open to the windless night, so that the guests ate and drank as gods platformed high above the fretted world.

In fancy, Mrs. Eccleston had com

pared the anticipated scene to feasts of Venice with their sumptuous joy. In fact, she found it Spanish, splendid, grandiose, engloomed.

She was at home. This was her place. She knew her power, proved her charm. For the first time in her life, thus late in years, she occupied a throne hers by right divine.

Those jaded worldlings of New York were pricked to interest at once. Their social sophistication divined her quality. Simplicity, elegance, intelligence, they recognized in her, while she, because intuitively they rendered her homage which was her due, let herself expand. Her manner, how it pleased them, it was so old and yet so new, composed of antique stateliness, of delicate familiarity, playful, imperious, candid, like a child and like a queen.

True sons of New York, where if woman is not purely worshipped, she is at least intelligently adored, they effusively succumbed.

Young Van Twiddle in an aside to Ashbury Ashham exclaimed: "Aspasia, by Jove! Out of Porkopolis at that!"

"She might be induced to emigrate to New York and us," Ashham rejoined.

"Wonder would she shake her fatherly old friend."

"We would bid high."

For her part Mrs. Eccleston received distinct impressions of the three men.

The great magnate, Mr. Braddock, attracted her, and she ascribed the fact to his personality, not to his money and its power. A thick-bodied, short-necked, large-headed man, his head continually was rolling from side to side like a careening ship above his huge rolled collar. He was mostly silent and gave grave attention to the food and wine. But she had heard and she learned it bluntly from his lips that he delighted in old pictures and delicate handicraft. In his favour also was her consciousness that when he rested his great dull eyes upon her, they appreciated what a rarity in womankind she was. She concluded, that, valeted beast though he might be, his perception of her value, even of her fineness, exceeded that of any other there.

Anticipatively she had been more curious of Asbury Ashham because of his social vogue and his success with women. He was perhaps the most notoriously fashionable man in New York, being indeed one of the two or three actual leaders of smart society. His attention, if only implied, was enough to turn the heads of nine women out of ten; but to Mrs. Eccleston he was found subordinate to the taciturn and gloomy-eyed financier. True, Mr. Ashham was a very elegant man, and he talked racily as well as much. His courtesy was flattering, but she resented its indefinable presumption somehow.

She told herself she did not admire the man. She set him down as shallow and materialistic, and she fancied that upon occasion he was base. He was no more than a finished and limited man of the world, actually destitute of ideals and lacking in imagination. But she was very sensible of the compliments his favor conferred, and was conscious that her failure to attract him would have disturbed her more than failure to attract Mr. Braddock.

The third gentleman, Mr. Horace Van Twiddle, was scarcely over twenty-five, but he was found in the company of the two veterans because he represented in his person one of the greatest and the oldest Knickerbocker fortunes. If they endured him, they respected his name, and it was not apparent that they found him in the least degree a bore.

He was much more modern in his type than even Mr. Ashham, who if the most accomplished worlding of his city, had no pretentions to aestheticism. Therefore, Van Twiddle, who from Mr. Ashham's point of view was still some shades crude, a little disdained his elder as a Philistine. But if the supercilious young dilettante could effect superiority to Asbury Ashham, it need not be told he was at no pains to conceal his recognition of his host's inferiority. To him Mr. Worth smelt abominably of trade, and trade was an offense, and an offense was a liberty for which the fifth holder of the Van Twiddle estate would make no allowance.

The dinner drawing to an end was unmistakably a success. Everything had moved to one harmonious issue and Mrs. Eccleston's fastidious sense of responsibility had not been offended by a single jangling note. Mr. Worth had maintained the proper conduct of his part of silence and assent. She had ruled, had won, and realized her triumph.

"When you come to New York, Mrs. Eccleston"—Mr. Braddock would from time to time essay, getting no further. "When we get you in New York," was the latest version of his desire.

"Oh, no, we will not make an effort, we will not give you the one and only time of your life!" Horace Van Twiddle declared in supplement.

"Yes, do come to New York, we entreat you," Mr. Ashham engagingly urged. Smiling: "It is seldom New York feels that she is the poorer by a want; but when she does, she feels the want excessively."

The adulation was enjoyed, while in her mind she said: "Ah, little he suspects, the man I love, how fine a lady it is who, to confer herself on him, risks she knows not what."

"When you come to New York," this time Mr. Braddock was able to conclude, "I'll have my yacht at your disposal in the river, madame."

As she inclined her head to catch the deliberate flow of the financier's continued speech, out of the tail of her eye she noticed Mr. Worth leaning to Asbury Ashham's ear, and some acute sudden sense of hers strained to distinguish the interchange that passed.

"No," said Mr. Worth, "my wife is up the lake just now. I don't expect her here at the castle for ten days."

"Ample leeway," responded Mr. Ashham. "I always insist Mrs. Ashham give me at least a week's notice of her return."

The words, much more the looks of mutual amused understanding, enlightened Mrs. Eccleston.

Vainly she strove to compel her thoughts to attach itself to Mr. Braddock and to the particulars of what he was proposing for her entertainment in New York. The particulars not alone by reason of their magnificence were sufficient to engage a woman's interest, she realized. But the sickening of her heart she could not overcome. It was a vast disgust she felt, and she even was ashamed for her shoulders and her arms exposed to what she exaggeratedly conceived to be the libidinous glances of the company.

Late at night Mr. Worth accompanied his guests aboard the yacht, which immediately weighed anchor and proceeded towards Grand Haven, where the special train awaited the three New Yorkers.

The gentlemen before dispersing to their respective staterooms, took a "night-cap" in the cabin.

Horace Van Twiddle—perhaps he was slightly fuddled—slapped the Chicago merchant on the shoulder. "By Jove, you're a bit of a sly dog yourself old boy."

The familiarity pleased Mr. Worth. He answered "the young blood" in kind: "Well, it's rather expected of me, isn't it? A man in my position is supposed to maintain—eh—his end."

Ashham chuckled. "No, we've learned Chicago's not so slow. At last you've got your provincial morals relegated to the scrap-heap, it appears."

"Give us time, give us a little time," grinned Mr. Worth, "and we may catch up in some things beside population with New York."

Mr. Braddock had already waddled off to bed.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

AN ECCENTRICITY OF THE FORMAL CONSCIENCE.

Mrs. Eccleston with characteristic magnanimity did not impute to Mr. Worth deliberate design. He had succumbed impulsively, she believed, to a temptation which assailed his vanity, when mere negative acquiescence in a construction natural enough to the minds of unqualified men of the world, sufficed as he perceived, to add a cubit to his stature in their eyes. He had yielded because of the facility with which the glory was to be had, and it was doubtful (such she considered his social obtuseness to be) whether a

thought of what might be the cost to her, in name and standing, had occurred to him. Besides, as she was aware, it was a practice so common among men as to be scarcely censurable, to gain the credit by a smile, a conscious look, a silence, of having played the devil with a woman.

When her original burning resentment had died down, she was even able to perceive an irony at her own expense. The false position at the dinner table turned her hot and cold; yet she seriously was contemplating a possible expedient breaking with the law of marriage and taking French leave of convention. The inference those men had drawn caused her to suffer; but quite light-heartedly she was prepared to incur organized society's anathema.

She laughed painfully. If she meant to swallow a camel, a gnat should be no great strain.

She remembered that she had boasted to Wytcherly that she was strong. If she was, let her use then the advantage she had secured at a great price. The wrong which Mr. Worth had done her, delivered him into her hands, to use to forward the purpose she had at heart. Her opportunity was clear.

"We have vindicated Chicago, we have forced a recognition from New York." This large estimate of the function his dinner had fulfilled, delighted Mr. Worth. "Thanks to you, to you alone, Romaine."

Just off the yacht, he was hastening to his wife's apartments, when he encountered his favorite in the great hall of the Castle.

"On the way down they couldn't say enough," he informed her enthusiastically. "Their parting words were ones of congratulations on your account. You had made them converts to Western hospitality, they said, and what they demand now is to get you to New York. Asbury Ashham personally assured me that you were the fine lady of the past plus the free individuality of the West. Braddock, who never recommends or disparages in words, remarked that he didn't know whether your beauty or your manner deserved the more to be celebrated. As for young Van Twiddle, he swears that you put the Knickerbocker dames all in the shade."

If the report flattered Mrs. Eccleston, its delivery displeased her. "He walks about me," she reflected, "as though I were a new importation of rare silk, and he were delighted because the public clamoured for me by the bale."

She said: "Now that you have come home, I will go to Idlenesse. The accumulation that awaits me there is—is huge."

"Too bad, not right!" He seemed to blame himself. "A woman in ten thousand, as Ashham says you are, to be worried by small cares, by details of a house! I'd like to settle it, to see you living as you ought, as is your due."

She did not in the least suspect a dubious import to his words, and asked straightforwardly for the launch to take her to the cottage.

"No, I must have my hour first," he replied. "We must talk it over before we can go."

She smiled. "You are as bad about it as a debutante come home from a party."

"Just let me visit five minutes with Mrs. Worth, and I'll return," he said. "Go into the library—that's the place for a quiet, confidential little talk."

Within the library Mrs. Eccleston sat balanced on the edge of her chair, in intimation possibly of her desire that the conversation should not be prolonged. But the little man, striding to and fro before her, frequently rubbing his hands, was oblivious of every consideration outside his theme.

He was saying possibly for the fourth time: "They made me promise to send you to New York—they wouldn't let go, until I did. They plan to treat us royally—want to return my hospitality, they say, and to honour you. Braddock's yacht will be at your disposal, and Ashham's bent on entertaining you at his Long Island place, while Van Twiddle is on fire to show you what he terms the time of your life."

She did not attach serious possibility to the proposal, and consequently treated its various incidents imaginatively.

But Mr. Worth was not content. "Of course you can arrange to go," he urged. "You would not think of disappointing us. New York is at its best in the late fall and Europe's only just across the pond."

Did the glint of a suspicion appear in her regard?

He changed the method of approach. "You see I recognize your part in the success which I have scored. I'm aware I wouldn't cut much of a figure in their opinion if it were not for you. Braddock and Ashham would do business with me, dine me at their club, make it pleasant for me in New York; but they wouldn't get enthusiastic and make the fuss they do. It's all on your account, Romaine."

"I fancy that you underrate the influence of your money, Mr. Worth."

"No, you don't catch me doing that. Exactly how far money will carry, I can figure to the breadth of a hair. But what you have done, is to have obtained for me a prestige with the New Yorkers that as yet no Chicago money can buy."

The doubt, if not the suspicion, sprung suddenly in her mind, caused Mrs. Eccleston irritation, which her proud spirit ill could endure. "I wish to close accounts with him," she said to herself, "not to open up another."

Mr. Worth was saying: "I wish I knew how to balance my indebtedness to you."

"I will tell you," she announced. "Help me in the one way I care to be helped."

"That way?" Prudence dampened his tone.

She consulted his eye. "You will help me if I let you know?"

He hesitated. (Oh, the bargainer! she scorned him in her mind.) "What way is it? Let us see."

"You have sympathized at times with the predicament of my marriage." She was abrupt.

He looked relieved. "I have, Romaine. And done something to alleviate its conditions, I hope."

"I know," she said.

"I will do more. The arrangement for Mark to go out to Japan, has been completed, and I undertake to keep him there."

"But," she began.

"Yes," encouragingly.

With a little tragic gesture, "That suspends, it does not end, the intolerableness. What I demand is that he not only may not come back, but that he no longer have the right to come."

A startled look appeared in her patron's pale blue eyes.

"So only can I know peace," she said.

"But, my dear girl, my daughter, I may say my daughter, " counseled the shrewd Croesus, "be expedient, be wise. Take the substance, let the shadow go. Listen to me, I know the world—easy to get along with if you know how—hard to quarrel with on any terms. Let things rest. Mark shall not trouble you—I'll settle that. And just you go along the way you've been—you will have all you wish."

"But—it is his money," she excepted.

"Now, now, don't let that trouble you." coaxed Mr. Worth. He drew a neat, long, black leather-covered booklet from his breast. "Money need not figure in your plans at all—where it comes from you need not worry. I treat you just as I would my own daughter, were she similarly placed."

There flashed on Mrs. Eccleston the solution of her problem. She saw that Opportunity stood smiling at her elbow, solicitous to be engaged. Should she be squeamish—or should she be strong? Thousands she could have, for the asking, nay for the acceptance. With thousands in her hands she would be free—free to break her shackles, free to call her lover to her side, to choose with him the wideness of the world.

The temptation for the moment

gripped her soul. The next she felt it horrible. Free! In what? In love—free-love! The vile phrase hissed in her ear. The seduction of money! Having sold her good name, with the price she now would purchase lawless love.

Mr. Worth opened his cheque-book, and unstopped his fountain pen. "Come you needn't look so flustered, what shall I make it to your order? You owe something, perhaps; you want clothes; fine gowns such as will be admired in New York cost some; what shall the figure be? Ten or twenty thousand, as you please."

Already he had commenced to indite the cheque.

"No, no!" she forbade, her hand staying his pen. "Money!" she choked upon the word. "It isn't money; it's divorce I want." Her fingers gripped his with intensity.

"That—is a much larger order than I had contemplated," gasped Mr. Worth, superior to most surprises though he was.

"It is what I will have," she said, desperately firm. "It is that which you promised, when you promised." Upon her feet she dared him to deny her.

The little man dropped weakly back into a chair, which slid half a yard upon the polished floor. "But you can't—I won't—there is no way to pledge me blindly to participation in an immoral undertaking!" in consternation he expostulated. His whole offended respectable code shrilled at her: "I—when I promised—I had no suspicion you were capable of harbouring so horrible, so shocking, so subversive an idea?"

"Is it indeed so awful?" she smiled ironically.

"It is the social crime! An offense against public decency, against the sacred laws of God and man!"

He appealed to her. "Romaine, it is the last thing I would have believed of you. I can't credit it now. You would not fly in the face of society, would you, and bring dishonour on yourself and infinite sorrow on your dearest friends?"

"I have made up my mind to divorce, if that is what you mean," she enlightened him.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mr. Worth. It was the climax of expression for a man never guilty of an oath.

He got abruptly to his feet, and, thrusting his fists into the pockets of his diminutive trousers, he circled about Mrs. Eccleston.

"You can't mean it," he declared, his body doubling like a snappy jack-knife. "You don't realize the consequences, the talk, the scandal, the publicity!"

"There need be none, or a minimum of it," she responded coolly. "If you will arrange the matter, if you will help."

"My goodness, Romaine," he shrieked, "do you mean to involve me in this too?" The millionaire vendor of breakfast food positively was panic-stricken. "The divorce court! the yellow journals! They will drag me in; they will insist there's something behind it all. I will be pilloried for what I am incapable of doing—I, a good man, as my wife says."

His exigency was ludicrous, but its contemptibility alone was perceptible to Mrs. Eccleston.

He implored, denounced, and threatened. But her purpose remained. She insisted that she would have her divorce, and she had not waived her right to his aid.

"Haven't you a particle of regard for your own reputation, even if you have no respect for public opinion?" he demanded at the end of his resources.

"But little."

The indifference more than the defiance of her tone convinced Mr. Worth that nothing short of an extreme measure would avail.

"Not one cent of my money will go to get you a divorce or to support you afterwards," he let her know. "You are dependent on your husband's salary from now on. I made it pretty comfortable on your account."

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

IN WHICH BOTH MR. AND MRS. WORTH RISE TO A HEIGHT.

Upon Mrs. Eccleston's departure her

patron hastened to his wife's apartments. His feet commonly sought that path, when perplexities other than those of business harassed his mind.

He was denied admission, since Mrs. Worth lay still asleep; but he was told he might return in two hours' time.

She was sitting up in bed, sipping her chocolate and opening her letters, when he at last was admitted.

Behold the powerful magnate and successful host seated in a little willow chair at the bedside, at a loss how to begin, nervous lest his wife should suspect too much, while she grinned slyly into her chocolate cup, enjoying her small satisfaction.

"Decidedly everything has come out to suit you, Sterling dear," she commented. "And the best is you deserve it all, you are so good."

Mr. Worth smiled his acceptance somewhat wanly.

"And so Romaine proved everything and more than you expected?" pursued Mrs. Worth. "You could be proud of her."

"She helped me with the New Yorkers specially."

"All men admire her."

"They couldn't say enough to me in praise of her."

"Of course she did her very best to capture them."

"She captured them; of that there is no doubt."

"And they didn't think it strange?"

"How strange! What is it you mean?"

"Why, her presence alone with men."

"Oh, I attended to that beforehand, as you advised."

Mrs. Worth smiled as if she were aware of many pleasing things, to which it was better not to allude. She limited what she might have said to: "Romaine did go a little far, almost to the point of indiscretion, to please you. But I can see she has managed to do that, to please you egregiously, and that of course was what she cared about."

Mr. Worth flushed a little. "Well," he depreciated, "Romaine, I guess, owes me something. I have done a good deal for her first and last, a good deal for her, and for her husband too."

"I should think you had," confirmed his helpmate promptly.

"And I felt I was entitled to permit her to put herself out a little for my benefit, if she wanted to, to let her run some small risk, perhaps, in order to insure proper entertainment for my guests."

"I am sure that whatever you did, you did it with the very best intentions. You are such a good man, Sterling."

"No one who knows me, or for that matter who knows Romaine, could attribute any evil to our relationship." A pause after which he added almost pompously: "Evil cannot be expected where evil does not exist."

"Of course not," she supported him. "But the New Yorkers—they are men of the world and—New Yorkers are all cynical. They can't believe how good you are—I wonder what they thought of it."

A triumphant gleam crossed Mr. Worth's grave countenance, but not so speedily as to be undetected by his wife's black eyes. "I don't know, Harriett, I can't say. Perhaps we ought not to inquire," he said hastily. After reflection: "I cannot see that I should be held responsible for the coarse speculations of corrupt minds."

Mrs. Worth had become complacent to the degree of self congratulation.

"But," presently resumed her husband, "what I came to see you about was a really serious matter."

"And it?" complied Mrs. Worth.

"It is that Romaine wants to get a divorce," he blurted forth.

"Does she?" Mrs. Worth affected surprise. "Though I confess that I have been expecting some such thing, as I have a shrewd suspicion what she wants it for."

But Mr. Worth had not yet told his tale. "And she wants me to use my influence to facilitate her getting the divorce. She asked me this morning."

"Whatever induced her to suppose you would?" marveled Mrs. Worth.

"She has no idea of practical considerations. She wants it and like a child

asks her best friends to get it for her." Mr. Worth half offered an excuse.

"Oh, she's not so simple, Romaine isn't. But I hope you refused."

"I did emphatically; but her mind is set upon it, I am afraid she will go ahead on her own account."

"Let her, then, if she is so lost to all propriety."

"I used every argument to induce her to change her resolution."

"And you did not succeed? Of course you didn't, since she's bound and determined she'll marry that Wytcherly man." Mrs. Worth enlightened her dull husband with a pitying smile.

He was astounded, forced to deny the information's truth. "That can't be true! I can't, I won't believe it! You're wrong, Harriett!"

"I'm sure of it," she said serenely. "You remember, when you came back from Chicago the last time, I told you there was something between them, but you wouldn't listen."

"If that is so,"—he was half convinced, still skeptical—"how long has it been going on? And how was it that Patrice, when she was here, failed to notice anything?"

"Here is her letter this morning"—Mrs. Worth raised the sheets—"in which she writes how worried she is, and you know Patrice adores Romaine. Read it for yourself."

The paper shook in his hands, and as he read he grew white around the mouth. His wife was turned from watching him by the entrance of a servant, who communicated with her.

"I can't believe it," reiterated the perplexed man.

"I'll help you, Sterling," said Mrs. Worth not unkindly. "You will feel better to be made certain in your mind. Suppose you slip behind the screen and just sit there. Agnes, Romaine's maid, has just come with a nosegay and a note for me—I suppose it is her troubled conscience that makes Romaine so very attentive and nice."

Mr. Worth complied and had scarcely taken his station under cover of the screen before Agnes entered. While her loud sweet voice inquired for the lady's health, her eyes studied the ceiling, as was to be expected of her.

"Your mistress, how is she today?" asked Mrs. Worth.

"Yes ma'am, Mrs. Eccleston's quite well, thank you kindly, yes ma'am. But she's feeling lonely a mite, I guess."

"She misses Mr. Wytcherly of course, he was such a constant caller." Mrs. Worth was sympathetic.

"Yes ma'am, she does. And I miss him too—he was so polite to hired girls, yes ma'am." Agnes blushed like a dark peony.

"He saw you were a lady, Agnes." Mrs. Worth laid flattery on in trowels, a process reserved by Beaconsfield for royalty.

"Yes, ma'am," glowed the grateful girl. "And sometimes he sends me kind messages in his letters, yes ma'am." The fact confirmed her ladyhood's estate.

"How sweet of him! And he writes often of course?" suggested Mrs. Worth.

"Yes ma'am, I should say so. A letter comes most every day, and two at a time sometimes. If she didn't get her letter nearly regular, I wouldn't know what to do with Mrs. Eccleston." Agnes was agreeably conscious that she was living in the midst of romance.

"Agnes," asked Mrs. Worth, taking another tack, "have you yet made up your mind to go home with me next week?"

"Yes ma'am, I guess so. But I promised Mrs. Eccleston to stay with her to Thanksgiving, if she stays up here till then. Yes ma'am."

"Whatever do you mean? Your mistress isn't thinking of remaining through the fall, is she?"

"Yes ma'am, I guess so. We've been fixing things up snug at the cottage, and William's going to get lots of wood to burn."

"Aren't you dreaming, child? What should she wish to do it for?"

"Yes ma'am. But Mr. Wytcherly hopes to come back in November and put up at the lighthouse, and there's going to be lively times, I guess."

"I am amazed at you, Agnes. What you tell me is scandalous—there's no other term for it. And a good girl like

you to be able to stand there without a blush!"

"Yes ma'am. But I can't see what's the matter"—meekly. "And anyway, what she does is right enough for me, yes ma'am"—stoutly.

"Are you entirely destitute of moral sense?" gasped Mrs. Worth. "Perhaps, Agnes, it's your Indian blood."

Agnes felt convicted of great guilt. But suddenly she looked relieved. "O law! they don't mean no harm. Haven't I watched 'em heaps of times? They're as happy and as innocent as a couple of loving kittens, yes ma'am."

Agnes gone, Mrs. Worth beamed triumphantly upon her husband. "I suppose your last doubts are settled now," she observed.

Mr. Worth, in fact, had left his doubts behind the screen. He brought forth in their stead a high resolve reflected nobly in his face.

"Harriet," he said solemnly, "our duty is clear. We must save Romaine—it is appointed us to do." The man was perfectly sincere.

"Not mine!" snapped Mrs. Worth. "I'll have nothing to do with saving her."

"Harriet!" warned Mr. Worth, but for once his threat fell on unheeding ears.

His wife defied him. "I am a good woman," she asserted, "and I will have nothing to do with a woman who is not good."

Mr. Worth knew himself thwarted. What could he do or say? The defence which she put forward was a moral principle.

Mrs. Worth perceived her strength. "I have stood ready at all times to do almost anything you required. But here I draw the line. I never even will receive Romaine in my house again. I may be old-fashioned, and if I am, I intend to remain so in a few things still. A pure woman cannot be forced to recognize an impure one."

Mr. Worth had listened with respect. The principles enunciated he did not venture to dispute; he merely questioned whether in this instance they applied. "But I am confident that at the worst Romaine has been guilty of nothing more serious than an indiscretion."

Mrs. Worth let herself go, since she knew that from the nature of the case impunity would be given her. "You are so good that you are gullible, Sterling dear. But no one but yourself would believe that a woman who allows herself to be considered what those New Yorkers considered Romaine, is as spotless as the snow."

His lips moved silently in protest, that was all. Mrs. Worth for her part grew emboldened. "And I am not so much convinced of your white innocence. You were a participant in her shame. You let them think, you helped them think, you did nothing to stop them thinking, that you too were a gentleman, a man of the world, a very devil of a fellow, instead of what you are, a little old, scared counter-jumper trying to lift yourself out of your class."

She flouted him. And he endured the excoriation with bowed head. He answered never a word, since it was of the quality of his hypocrisy to recognize the rectitude of Mrs. Worth's position and to be stricken dumb.

It also was in the nature of the man to regard his endurance as a species of martyrdom, as a suffering in the cause of the benevolence he had determined it to be his duty to perform. After a space he said: "Think as it seems best to you, Harriett, and I'll think my way. I believe I have a duty towards Romaine, and I mean to discharge it to the best of my ability. Let me warn you not to interfere through any mistaken jealousy."

"Jealousy!" she scoffed. "Jealousy! Dear me, I'm not jealous—how could I be about you? I know you, Sterling—you're so good. You wanted a little glory you were not entitled to; but pooh, you haven't got it in you to commit a red-blooded sin."

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.

THE BARGAIN SHE SECURED.

No secret serpent of lust stirred among the dry leaves of Mr. Worth's desires. His exemption in this regard furnished him with much self-congratulation. The characteristic sin of any one of us we estimate as venal in com-

parison with the characteristic sin of our neighbor. While to our characteristic virtue we accord a value many times as great as the value we allow to the virtue of our friend. From a gross sin of the body Mr. Worth would have shrunk; but to secure a fancied prestige, to which he was not entitled by actual commission of evil, he was able smugly to compound with his conscience.

His innermost thought, by which he justified himself, was pure concerning Mrs. Eccleston. But his actual purity of mind enhanced the horror he conceived of physical intimacy between a woman honoured by himself, and one whom he was unable to forget was his salaried man. Furthermore, he was prompted to prevent the consummation of the crime or to redeem her from the consequences of its commission, by the subtle supposition that in some way the good deed might count as an atonement, if an atonement were required, for the damage which circumstances had occasioned her good name.

He went to Idlenesse with this design.

So affected was his aspect by the nobility of his zeal for the salvation of his favourite that his appearance in her sitting-room recalled to her mind a characterization by Wytcherly: "J. Sterling Worth is a little red-eyed ferret, who imagines he plays the part of sheep-dog to mankind."

"How do you feel this morning, Romaine?" he inquired. "I need not tell you, I suppose, how greatly you succeeded in grieving your old friend yesterday. But I at least am thankful that no one else heard you, for I can make allowances that others would not. I beg of you, however, whatever your sorrow, never to speak disrespectfully again of marriage. The institution is the Gibraltar for women."

"I made no harangue against marriage," Mrs. Eccleston, objecting to the part assigned to her in his moralizing specially declared. "I honour marriage. But marriage as a venerable institution is one thing; my personal predicament is another. The cause is abstract; my case is concrete."

"Romaine, it causes me a shock to hear you talk in that strain."

"Inform me, pray, in what strain I am to speak of a disreputable estate?"

"I would prefer to have you speak sensibly, soberly, always. This is a practical world—some means of adjustment, some compromise can be arranged."

"Compromise? I've been compromising and have been compromised all my married life. I want no compromise."

"Romaine, Romaine, think what you are saying."

"Think! I have been thinking my best years away. Isn't it about time that I lived?"

He had come upon her in an hour when the whole bitterness of her lot oppressed her spirit, when she felt the injustice of the scheme of things. Since he had intruded, since he thrust upon her the tuppenny wisdom of his tradesman's mind, why not expose to him the worst of the travail she had undergone?

"Think!" she reiterated. "Once I carried my prayer-book and knelt in church because I thought. I prayed benightedly for help to endure my marriage. I thought that I had schooled myself to the whole shameful lesson of the duty of women to sacrifice their pride; and too their own self-respect if required, for the pleasure of their owners and the conservation of society. I posed in my own thought as an heroic martyr, a long-suffering saint, and I supposed that my abasement prevented my husband from being at least worse than he was. I wished for children to bind me more indissolubly to my lawful lord. Thought! oh, I thought of duties, obligations, sacred honour, until I was nearly crazed for thought."

"Awful!" moaned Mr. Worth. "What you say is awful."

"What I have lived is awful—that is what you mean." Her will forced this amendment, as it were, upon the admonitory little man.

He looked as if he were scared a trifle, and then he shook his head in mild but determined repudiation of her view.

And immediately she was seized with an apprehension of the incongruity of her confessing to such a man as he the tragedy she had kept unuttered until now. She laughed outright at herself and him. In her new perception he figured precisely what he was, for what by any spiritual or intellectual standard he was adjudged, a dapper clerk, with a clerk's intelligence raised to the ninth power, with a clerk's ideas, ambition, rectitudes.

She walked over to the window, to escape the nauseating contemplation of the liliputian creature. But neither was she solaced by the prospect there. "Ah, the hostility!" she complained. "It is universal, both without and within? The lake moils sullenly, the sky menaces. The wind rushes from the north across leagues of desolation, wrinkling the drab waters, stripping the boughs."

She turned her back to Nature, preferring Mr. Worth. He sat huddled in his seat, his mind fumbling with a large human problem not to be disposed of by dry-goods' arithmetic. He started, when she spoke.

"Yes, this is my prison, my house of degradation. Here I am to stay, here await in the patient manner of women when my lord, the brute, comes home. And soon I shall be old, as is a way with women, and a little after that I shall be dead."

"Are you gone crazy, Romaine?" The question was involuntary. Mr. Worth was so profoundly shocked.

"Do you wonder I find it intolerable?" was her irrelevant demand.

He looked up and he looked down, and his lips moved in vain.

"I understand," he managed at last —"I've been informed—that you want the divorce in order to marry another man."

"Is the desire reprehensible?" she smiled.

"It is dishonourable," he retorted. "It is worse, it is a legal crime."

"But a spiritual emancipation," she declared, "an ennobling of my faculties."

Mr. Worth expostulated, concluding: "If you persist, willfully persist, you will assuredly become a lost woman, Romaine."

"I think it finer to become a lost woman than to remain a polluted one," she answered.

He was pained by the plainness of her speech. "There is no necessity for such wild talk."

"Talk," she echoed. "I do not talk. I mean to act. I want happiness and I mean to take it. I can only get happiness by taking it, boldly, firmly. I mean to have the man I love."

The reckless passion in her face, the flame in her eyes, the superb imperious menace of the woman, affected Mr. Worth like a shock of electricity.

"The man you love," faintly he repeated.

"Yes," she answered, her whole rebellious womanhood aroused. "Tell me, is a woman not to have another chance? Is she bound forever to the mistake of her foolish youth? Is the measure of her mind, her soul, her possibilities, determined by the plus and minus of the man who beguiled, or entrapped, or conquered her, when her life was unformed, and her ignorance immense?—What chance had I? What chance has any girl? Is the instinct of goodness infallible? Does the fact of innocence safeguard anyone? Am I to be punished my whole life through because I blundered when I was a fool, because I was a fool when I was too simple to be wise? No, I say outright that such a code is too stupid to hold my loyalty."

Mr. Worth, his elbows on his knees, his white head shaking, articulated with difficulty: "What you say, Romaine, amounts to revolution, to subversion of society."

"It amounts to my individual freedom," she retorted.

"You beg the question—you cannot dismiss your obligations to society in a breath." A note of appeal coloured his tone, the truth being that he was impressed more than was comfortable to his dogmatism.

But she cavalierly disposed of the plea. "I do not consider them; the obligation to my own soul is superior."

He sighed disconsolately. "It seems

impossible to help you, Romaine."

She promptly contradicted. "If you will, you can help. If you feel for me as you say you do, help me to help the man I love. He is constrained, prevented from essaying the great flight that he with his wings might make. I am the woman whom he needs. I can bring him into his own." Her rich voice swelled in tenderness. "God knows it is not for my own sake alone; it is for him, for him, before myself."

Mr. Worth, perhaps struck by an idea, looked up keenly for a moment. Satisfied of her sincerity, he looked down. She waited, her lovely, entreating face, her persuading eyes—

"My plain duty as your oldest friend, almost your father," he presently announced in a dry, pragmatic tone, "is at all hazards to prevent you from rushing into an irretrievable disaster. You are to be kept from destroying your life, from bankrupting your good name."

"You presume, Mr. Worth."

"Solely for your good, my dear."

He met her regard to emphasize the determination of his stand; but she made him quail. For by some instantaneous change she was wholly the great lady, whose presence somehow forced him to inquire whether he could be a gentleman. Napoleon, it is said, in the first moment of his meeting Queen Louise knew himself a parvenu.

"I—I supposed," he hesitated, "that I had earned the right to advise you as it seemed best."

"Earned!" She withered him. "I confer rights—of grace. They are never earned from me."

Confused, he put forward what to his mind was the obvious justification: "I believe it can be truthfully said that I have done a good deal for you, and for your husband as well."

As lightning flashed her scorn. "Oh you Puritans, you Jews! Do your minds never loosen from the money in a thing? You taint your generosities, your prayers to your God, with remembering it. Our friendship, that too was passed across a bargain-counter!"

Under this abuse his look grew mean and pinched. He snarled resentfully: "Maybe you are too superior, as my wife says, too superior to hear sense. But if you are, your young man isn't. I'll settle with him."

He got upon his feet, looking for his hat. He had shed his pretentions; he seemed just an ageing clerk, but one whose mind had been challenged in its accuracy, whose determination was aroused. In searching for his hat he turned his back, and, having found it, turned to the way out with no word or indication of farewell.

She stopped him. "What is it you will do?"

"Do!" he exclaimed in moral melodrama. "Do? No man in my employment can share in an immoral act, an outrage upon society! No clerk of mine or salaried man can wreck a home and involve a married woman without settling his account with me!"

"That means you will deprive him of his livelihood and turn him into the street?" She barred his passage.

"It means I'll force him to drop the infamy you contemplate," he shrilled.

"But he doesn't know of it," she argued. "I intended not to tell him until I had brought everything about."

"That makes no difference. I'll take him in hand."

"But you would not consent to be unjust?"

"He takes my money, doesn't he? Then he must dance to my tune, I guess. I will hold him responsible for whatever you do."

She flamed. "Try it—try to coerce him! He'd fling your money in your face; he'd—" Suddenly she trembled for the injury she might have worked her lover.

Mr. Worth raised his eyes from the depths of his hat to let her see the glint in them. "I know exactly where to apply the pressure upon Wytcherly. He has his brother's widow and four children to support."

"I—I did not know of that," she faltered.

"No, there are many things of which you do not know, Romaine," he observed paternally. "For one, you do not know or you forget I am always your best friend. I am working now

solely for your good. And if I neglected to avail myself of every means to thwart your mad will, I should be reprehensible, extremely so indeed."

It was on her lips to answer him as he deserved, to confound him with the charge that he had used her reputation to feed his vanity; but she could not put into speech her own shame. She could not traffick.

And so the king of bargainers had his way. He always found it easy to be hard at the crucial moment, to insist, and usually he found that the second party to the contract did not possess that power.

That night upon consideration Mrs. Eccleston wrote Mr. Worth a note, in which she stated that she had given up her purpose of securing a divorce.

(*To be continued*)

The Shower

By Dorothy Green

THE gray rain, the silver rain, is sweeping down the valley,
Her misty robes are trailing as across the fields she goes.
The grass bends low before her, the young grain whispers lightly
And the drops are falling, falling, from each nodding crimson rose.
Beneath the bending elm-trees the shadows darkly gather;
A strange green light is filtered through the wet and glistening leaves;
The air is filled with murmurs, the rush of falling water,
And whispering of fitful gusts about the pouring eaves.

A clear light, a golden light is flooding all the valley,
The clouds have parted in the west, the sun has broken through,
Each ripple on the river wears a shining crest of silver,
And every little wayside pool is flashing clear and blue.
The grass is turned to cloth-of-gold, thick strewn with gleaming jewels;
The trees are lifting up their heads, new-clothed in palest green,
A light wind wanders idly by and stirs the dripping branches,
The earth is bathed in glory, the air a radiant sheen.

The blue hills, the cloudy hills that rise across the valley
Caressed with showers of spring-time, half-veiled in shimmering mist,
Their nearer slopes are emerald, their far peaks dim and purple,
With gleams of rose and crimson where the lingering rays have kissed.
Oh, wardens of my childhood, oh, ancient friends abiding,
Serene and strong you lift your heads above the quickened plain,
And as your summits softly fade against the far horizon,
You breathe a benediction on the blessing of the rain.

The Hillmen

By Herbert Vanderhoof

From the September WORLD TO-DAY Magazine.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness rather
Than forecourts of kings, and her outermost pits than the streets where men gather
Inland, among dust, under trees—inland where the slayer may slay him—
Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom whereon he must lay him—
His Sea at the first that betrayed—at the last that shall never betray him—
His Sea that his being fulfils?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise Hillmen desire their Hills.

—Rudyard Kipling.

THE wheat had hardly begun to yellow on the prairies of Saskatchewan and Alberta as I went westward in the long, eighteen-hour-sunshine midsummer days, over the steel rails that shimmered in the hot air of the afternoons. Long and level and green the fields stretched away to the horizon; red and new the box-cars were backed up on the sidings by the big elevators, with the flats that carried new threshers and binders to harvest the fall crop of wheat; placidly the generic Canadian farmer leaned back and pulled at his pipe, while his crop finished its growth unassisted; and I in the sleeping-car looked out through the lengthening shadows of twilight, hoping to see the blue haze of the distant mountains, and feel their cool air, before darkness fell.

With the morning it came. The scent of the spruces was in my nostrils, the sound of falling water in my ears, where the Yoho Valley trail comes down to the railway and for a moment sets the mountain-lover's heart knocking against his palate. The ripening crops of the Middle West were left behind me, and I drew the cool air of the mountains into my lungs with a keen savour of remembrance. After breakfast I sat on the bottom step of the sleeping car and dangled contented feet over thousand-foot canyons while thousand-foot bluffs nearly scratched the paint off the other side of the train. Across the valley white water brooks chased their tales down gigantic skids of rust-colored rock, and the Kicking Horse River rioted loudly over its boulders to the sea.

But the big sign on the Yoho Valley trail set me dreaming in spite of business engagements and crop figures, as the limited slid slowly by, tempting me with glimpses of the trail. It called to me, that rough track leading past Emerald Lake by moraine and brook and wood path to where I knew the camp-fires were burning between Wapta and the Vice-President on the shore of tiny Summit Lake. I knew how it looked—fifty white tents thrown into bold relief against the green and brown of the forest—Ping-Pong, the Chinese cook, by his fire, and more than eighty sturdy men and plucky women camped there among the everlasting hills. I could hear the laughter and smell the trout broiling; I could see the trail up the Vice-President looming dimly above the tree-line, and never in my life did I desire more earnestly to throw away my fountain pen and go a-gipsying.

But on the down grade the limited was putting away forty miles to the hour on her way to Vancouver, and in the "Liverpool of the Pacific" I shook my shoulders and settled into the collar again. Not until I was again in

Chicago—not for six thousand miles and many days did I think of the Yoho Valley trail and the camp of the Alpine Club among the spruces,—not until John Doe—it would never do to be too personal in the matter of names with a man as big as John Doe—shouldered his way through the rattle and rush of State Street and dominated my hearth in the cool of a long September evening.

John Doe belongs to the Alpine Club of Canada, that society of mountain-climbers that was organized in Winnipeg one March day of last year, and made its inaugural camp beside the Yoho glacier on the day when my limited train went remorselessly past towards the busy beaches of Vancouver. And between leisurely puffs of his brown pipe, he told me something of the new club and the first official climbs to the top of Mount Vice-President, ten thousand feet above the sea.

To begin with, it was the largest gathering of mountaineers on record—that camp of over eighty people on the great saddleback between the Emerald Lake and the Yoho Valley, eleven miles north of Field—and from John's account, I judge one of the merriest ones. Some fifty people qualified for membership in the society by climbing the Vice-President during the week of camp, and many more have done so this year at Temple Mountain, that rears its shaggy head above Paradise Valley, near Laggan.

But a week's outing in the mountains or records of climbing are not the only purposes of the Canadian mountaineers. Perhaps the reasons are principally three: the proclamation of the beautiful Canadian Rockies to those who do not know what lies at their very doors; the scientific investigation of numerous conditions which are not covered by the Typographical Survey, and which the Survey cannot specialize upon; and the improvement of the trails through the two great areas of the mountain national parks.

The Canadian Rockies have not been "summer-touristed" to any great extent. Few people realize that in the long chain of mountains that runs from the Arctic Circle to the Sierra Madre across the continent, the Canadian Rockies, the Selkirk, Gold and Coast ranges are the jewels. Few people know that the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn are no lovelier than the Sir Donald or the Mount Stephen. Few people have discovered that Laggan and Field may mean as much to the lover of the great hills, as Mount Cenis or Chamounix.

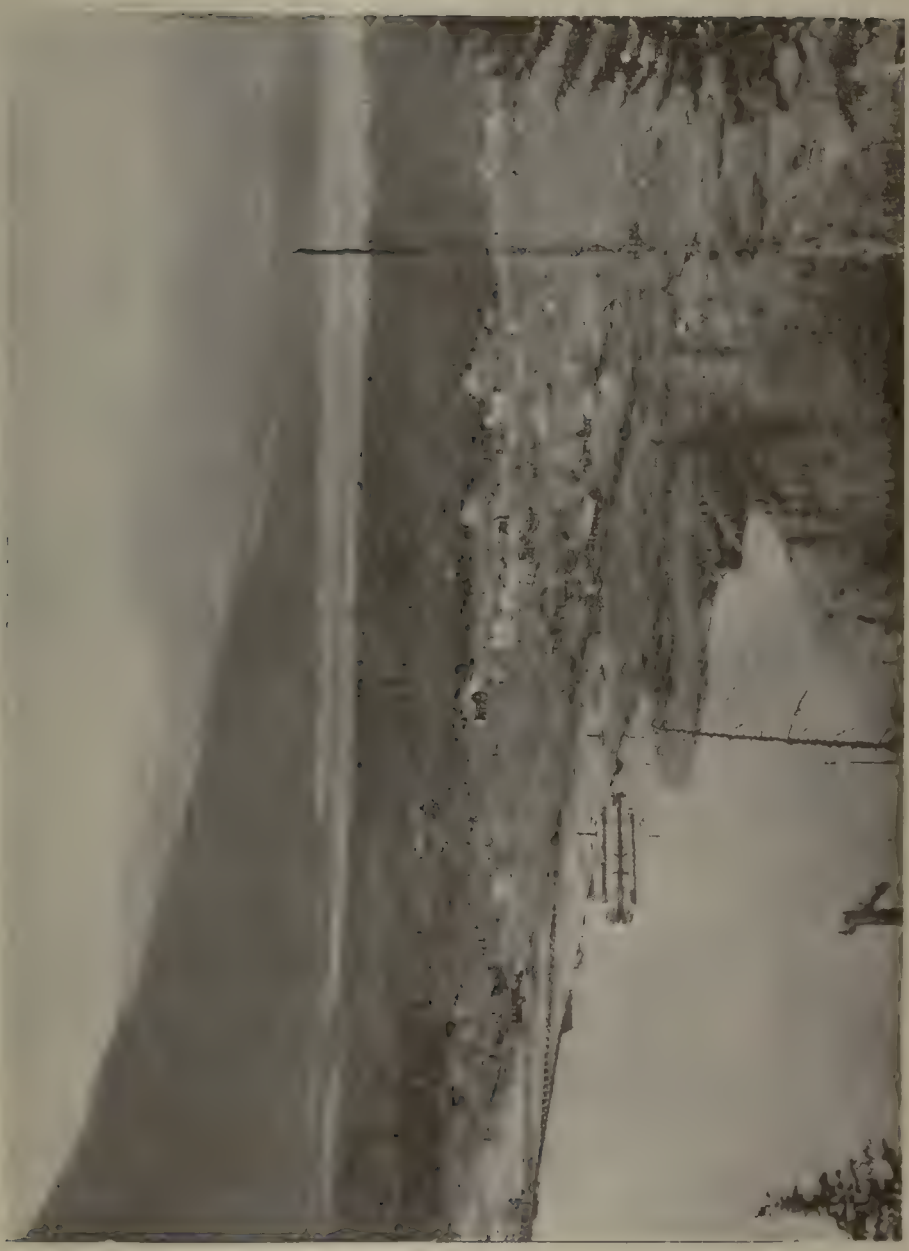
The study of glacial action is another subject which has not been taken up exhaustively, and among the first steps in the club's history was the marking of the walls inclosing the Wapta glacier at the northern end of the Yoho Valley. Accurate measurements may thus be made of this vast flow of ice in succeeding years, rendering a scientific service similar to that given by the markings of the Illecillewaet Glacier which has receded seven hundred feet since 1887, ranging from sixteen feet in the cold summer of 1898 to sixty-four feet in 1899.

The scientific section of the club's activities will also pay much attention to the flora, fauna, geology, photographing and description of the mountains. Both the Rockies and the Selkirks offer an especially rich field for the investigator, and prizes will be given for work along these lines.

Practically, there is a great deal to be done in the way of building trails, bridging gaps, guarding against forest fires, and so forth, in the mountains, and the club is planning to do as much of this sort of work as possible.

There is a strong national spirit among the members. Canadians are essentially patriotic. But they are also a tolerant and a free-handed folk, and the membership of the club is open to all lovers of the great hills, whether they are called Schmidt or O'Brien or Groseilliers or just plain Perkins.

Continuous membership is required, unlike the American Alpine Club. Two years is allowed for graduation into active membership by climbing, either at the summer camp or elsewhere, to a point ten thousand feet above sea-level. About fifty made



THE ROCKIES AND THE SELKIRKS OFFER AN ESPECIALLY RICH FIELD FOR THE INVESTIGATOR

the ascent last year. Besides association members, people interested in the idea and wishing to help financially; and honorary members, among whom are several Americans, Professor Fay of Tufts College, and Mr. Curtis, ex-president of the Appalachian Club, being included; there are the active members and those who are still novices which makes a club of no small size and influence. United States, British and foreign Alpinists have taken the lead in work on the Canadian Rockies heretofore, but the organization of this native society should stand for a new era in Canadian mountaineering.

The inaugural camp lasted for a week, and John Doe's gray eyes twinkled as he spoke of those seven days. From the four-thirty morning calls—and four-thirty in the mountains is a very life-like imitation of winter —to the last song and final red-eye ember of camp-fire before the tent at night, the days of that week were happy days. There were the changing lights flashing from peak to distant peak; the shimmer of sunlight on snow; the glimpse of the great green glacier, the free air astir to windward, electric, stinging, like wine; the unreal world of moonlight and diamond stars; the jagged purple of the storm at sunset. There was the magic rainbow, though nobody ever found the pot of gold that lay where the end of the arch rested on the mountain trail. There was the endless sea of the everlasting hills, the scent of the pines, the breath of the year-long snow-fields, the twinkling drop of mountain streams the familiar face of the high country that calls the mountain-born back, though he be never so far over seas, and holds him all his days.

There were the incidents of the camp, the marvellous meals prepared by Ping-Pong, cheery Mongolian, and the marvellous appetites that ate those meals; there were the stories of the guides and old climbers with a string of daring ascents to their credit; there were the songs, the laughter, the "stunts" around the camp-fire; the strenuous objections of John Doe's pet particular chum at being hauled out of his blankets in the frosty dawning; the unimportant bits of talk and deed that make a camp hilarious for days. And always above the tents, above the distant tree-line, loomed the trail to the quadruple peaks, the official climb.

No easy climb it was, either. Almost every sort of work was required on its jagged edges, and no little amount of nerve and strength and self-control was tested that week. Five-thirty saw the climbing party lined up in full regimentals, ready to follow the broad shoulders of Edward Fuez, the guide, over anything and everything. An hour through moss-carpeted woods, past stretches of purple and white heather, to the edge of the tree-line, and then the steep scarp of the peak, covered with boulders and rocks and rotten shale, alternating with cliffs and ledges that tried patience and wind sorely.

Steeper and steeper it grew until Edward unslung the coil of rope he carried over his shoulder and began making loops at ten-foot intervals, into which the climbers ducked, the rope sagging about their waists, the shale slipping under foot, and climbed steadily upward, seeing only the path ahead. Resting for a minute on one level rock John Doe had peered over the edge into a thousand foot drop to Emerald Glacier where a group of climbing campers looked like soot-flecks on the icy field.

Northwest over gravel moraines and snow-fields the path clambered to other and narrower ledges. Pinnacle after pinnacle was surmounted, ledge after ledge crossed, up to the highest peak, and there on the roof of the world the tie-ribs of earth lay spread before the adventurers for fifty miles in every direction. Northward lay the green streak of the racing Yoho River; and beyond, range after range sloped away to the skyline where the continental watershed divided the little streams that go to make up the Peace, the Athabasca, the Saskatchewan and the Columbia Rivers. Eastward lay the Yoho Valley with its tumbling water-falls and its canyon depths;

PHOTO BY SUMNER MATTESON

THE FAMILIAR FACE OF THE HIGH COUNTRY THAT CALLS THE MOUNTAIN-BORN BACK

southward the minster spires of the Cathedral Peaks, westward the stately head of Sir Donald stood in majestic silhouette above his kingdom of the Selkirk range.

There was little said. Words are too infinitesimal. The shopgirl describes her lady friend's new hat as "perfectly grand" and unfortunately no one has invented a different language to take the place of her vocabulary. The guide sealed up the parties' names in a heavy jar, and then the shadows began to deepen in the valleys. Going down is fortunately allowed by gravity to be easier than going up, and the party dug in their heels and minded Edward Fuez with an implicit obedience that was at times absurdly respectful.

"Yes, it was lovely," admitted John Doe, who is a poet as well as a climber, "but we were remarkably glad to see the tree-line ahead of us,and the wooded trail to camp. Poetry isn't in the same class with potatoes, nor scenery with broiled trout, along about six o'clock after a twelve-hour climb."

"Going back next year?" asked I, watching the glow of his pipe-bowl in the dusk of the dying fire. It reddened as I spoke, and the big man stirred in his chair.

"Yes, I'm going back," he answered. "In fact, I think I'll go out before the season's opened and make permanent camp. You know, when you've once been there you catch the fever, and no other place is quite the same. I feel more at home among those great, silent, lonely peaks than anywhere else I've ever been."

He turned a half-ashamed, half-inquiring glance upon me, and in his eyes the vision of the far-distant snow-caps rose. I nodded without speech, and after a little silence, we talked of other things.

The second annual camp of the Alpine Club opened July fourth of this year and closed on the eleventh. Over one hundred and fifty members were in attendance, of whom one hundred and twenty made one or more ascents. Of these, sixty-seven were graduates; that is to say, they qualified for active membership in the club. Besides climbing on six mountains—Aberdeen, Temple, Pinnacle, Eiffel Tower, Fay and Victoria—there was provided a stiff two days' excursion to Lake O'Hara, lying on the south side of Mount Victoria, the round trip including a traverse of Abbott's Pass and five other high snow passes, as well as half a dozen easier trips. Mount Temple, 11,626 feet above the sea, and Mount Aberdeen, 10,300 feet above the sea, were the official mountains.

President Wheeler was greatly pleased with the climbing done last year from Yoho Camp, and still better satisfied with this year's record. The ascents increased in speed, the climbers showed less fatigue, and the work done was more continuous and more strenuous. The quickest ascent made was on the Saturday after camp, E. O. Wheeler and C. B. Sissons climbing Aberdeen in two hours and twenty-nine minutes, remaining on the summit twenty minutes, and descending in thirty-six minutes, some two thousand feet of the descent being made by glissade.

The annual meeting was held around the camp-fire, when reports were presented and the President's address delivered. The club unanimously resolved to erect a $3,000.00 club house at Banff, where a curator will be put in charge.

Altogether, the club has been an unqualified success. The most optimistic dreams of eighteen months ago have been more than realized. The club's membership promises to exceed a thousand before long, and mountain-lovers all over the world will come to Canada to climb the snowpeaks of their domain.

Yes, John Doe was there. It was not long afterward that I met him at Laggan, while my train took on its mountain engine for the long climb.

"Well, how's life?" said I casually.

The big fellow smiled, and suddenly I realized in him the serene granite repose of the mountains he loved.

"Life's—life," he answered gravely, and I needed to ask no more.

It is a Hindu proverb, but none the less true in the West than at the foot of the Khyber Pass, "*Who goes to the Hills goes to his mother.*"

The Irish Setter's Story

By Grace L. Benson

DUNCAN Stewart leaned on his Winchester beside the buggy, gravely watching young Clavering crossing the stubble field.

"What a pity! What a pity!" said the elder man softly to himself, wincing at the dig of the young man's crutch in the earth. "And such a lad, too!"

Clavering glanced up and hallooed gaily across the field, "What luck?"

"Good!" called back Stewart. "What's yours?"

"Fine—fourteen. Going back now?"

"Ay—it's coming sundown."

Clavering limped up to the wagon and climbed in carefully, laying his birds in the long back of the rig, and giving a word of command to Bill, his handsome Irish setter, who forthwith leaped up behind and settled his russet length among the day's bag and the guns. Juno, Stewart's dog, was already there, picking the burrs out of her coat, and in a moment the team was raising the dust of the home road.

They drove in silence for a little while. Finally Stewart broke the silence.

"How did you happen to lose your leg, Clavering?"

A weary smile flitted over the young man's face, and it was a moment before he answered.

"It's an old story—and a common one," he said at last. "Even Bill might answer that, and yet it's not worth telling."

* * * * * *

Bill picked up his ears at the mention of his name, and Juno awoke from her nap.

"Lovely night, isn't it?" she remarked. "Reminds me of coon-hunting down on the Mississippi when I was a puppy. Ever been in Arkansas?"

"No," answered Bill. "My Master and I have lived mostly in England, and although we have traveled, we have never been in Arkansas."

"Traveled!" sniffed Juno. "With that game leg?"

There was a snap from Bill and a yelp from Juno.

"I'll teach you to speak disrespectfully of Frederic Stephen Clavering, even if you are lady!" said Bill, and Juno subsided.

"What have you done, anyway?" asked Bill, after a little silence.

"I began by traveling with a dog-show," answered Juno. "I wore a blue collar and jumped through a string of hoops while the band played. Then I stole the manager's beef-steak one morning when we were doing the country circuit, and was sold. After that I was a watch-dog, and did nothing but play with my little mistress, Miss Rachel. Besides, there were lots of scraps if I took pains to lie near the kitchen door and looked hungry. But I have not found the world always a bed of roses, I must say."

"H'm! I suppose you made your own bed," remarked Bill curtly.

"I was very proud of being a watch-dog," went on Juno undisturbed. "I barked and barked, and waited for thieves."

Bill could not repress a smile as he buried his muzzle in his glossy side.

"Many come?" he inquired.

"No, and finally people said I was a nuisance, so I was sold to this old chap." Juno nodded her head toward the old man on the front seat. "He's a good master but he thinks he knows everything. Say, he handled me rough at first. I got mad one day and tried to bite him, but you ought to have seen him give me the glassy eye. He whipped out of his pocket a leather strap with tacks or something in it—

oh, worse than tacks it felt!—and put it around my neck. Then he sent me out in the field and wouldn't call me back. I saw a fine bird coming my way and tried to clinch it, but gracious! something yanked a rope that hurt dreadfully."

Bill looked disgusted.

"And you aren't ashamed to tell that you had to wear one of those things! That's a disgrace."

"Well, it felt worse than that. There were lots of other things I hated to get used to, but finally I did, and now I like hunting as well as any dog."

Again Bill smiled behind his foreleg, but said nothing.

"What about you?" asked Juno, after a few moments' silence. "We've a good hour's drive ahead of us. Suppose you tell me how your master came to lose his leg, as he wouldn't tell my master. And before you begin, won't you move over a little? The burrs in my coat are making me uncomfortable."

"I was born on the Manor Farm" began Bill, "and they say I was a very handsome puppy. My Master was only a boy then, and many were the good rides and tramps and swims we have had together. Oh, those were good days, and good shooting any day we liked to go, and a great wood-fire in the Hall at night. My Master was a strong, brave, handsome lad then, and everybody loved him,"

"He's a cripple now," remarked Juno.

"He wasn't then, and he could ride Black Bess with the boldest of them. I was his special pet, and when he taught me to retrieve, I did my best, as befitted a dog of my ancestry. I often showed him where the birds were hiding, and together we would wade among the tall, sweet grasses, waiting until they took wing.

"One day we flushed a covey of birds, and although it was out of season, my Master shot one. It fell on the far side of a barley field, and without laying down his gun, my Master hurried across the rough field to get it. Somehow he tripped, caught the gun in a barley shock, and the second barrel went off, lodging the charge in his leg.

"I was only a puppy, and I thought he had shot another bird. I searched and searched, but couldn't find it, and at last I came back to where my Master was lying. Even then I couldn't understand, and kept nosing him and trying to get him to show me where the bird was, but finally I lay down beside him and only whined when he moaned.

"Just when I felt as if I must get up and bark, an old farmer came across the field and saw my Master lying on the ground.

" 'Hullo! hullo! what's this? what's the trouble here?' he said in a big, gruff, crusty voice, and I got ready to growl if he came nearer.

"But he was kind, in spite of his rough voice, and when he saw my Master was hurt, he hurried away for a farm-wagon, and took us both to his house, my Master lying flat in the rig, and I followed behind with my ears and tail drooping as far as I could get them, for I felt sure my Master and I would never go on the Long Trail again.

"Poor Master! It was days and days that I lived in the farmer's barnyard with the hens and chickens and cattle. Every day I would go and whine at the door, but they never would let me in. At last the farmer's wife came and called me in.

"My Master was lying in bed and when I jumped up, he put his face down against my coat and I licked the back of his neck.

" 'Billy, we're done for,' he said. 'We're just about three-quarters of ourselves. We're going hopping through life on a crutch the rest of our natural life, thanks to a tuppence ha' penny country doctor. The joke's on us, old fellow, and—you'll have to smile for me, boy, for I can't.'

"He broke off with a queer, gurgling sound, and I crept close to him. Just then the farmer's wife came in and saw me on the white quilt. I was ordered out, and when I next saw my Master, he was limping on his crutch to the depot.

" 'We'll go back, Billy,' he said. 'We'll have another look at the old place down in Devonshire, and then

we'll go away. Canada for us, Bill. Come on, boy!'

"We went back to the fields where we had spent so many sunny days together, and my Master threw himself down among the ferns.

" 'It's there,' he said. 'Red roofs, gardens, woodlands and all, and I'll never see them again. Oh God! what use am I now? Why, even the tiny mosses and stones at my feet are fresh and perfect, while I—I'm worse than useless now. I'm envious even of that little rabbit scampering along the hedgerow there.

" 'Bill, do you remember how we used to stand here last year and watch the sun setting across the hills? If we could only go home to-night to the Hall—. Eh, well! it's no use dreaming. We'll go away and not bother them with a poor lamester.'

"I longed to be able to speak for just one little minute, but all I could do was to wag my tail and lick my Master's hand. Yet he bent down and patted my head.

" 'Good dog!' he said. 'You and I understand each other.'

"So we came away in the twilight, and we have never gone back. But I'd rather be my Master's dog than live in King Edward's own kennels."

* * * * * *

The dogs were both silent, and the men on the buggy-seat were silent too.

The Scotchman broke the stillness gravely. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness" he said quietly, and the young man nodded as he picked up his crutch and slowly climbed down.

When October Comes

By Dorothy Green

GOLD, rich gold, and the faint, autumnal sunlight
Sifted through a web of cloud and tangled 'mid the trees;
Half the branches stripped and gray, half laden still with treasures,
Spoils the wandering wind may catch and carry where they please.

Dimly traced the shadows lie across the leafy roadside
Where the idle breezes with the rustling carpet play.
Earth is steeped in warm content and drowsing in the sunshine
When October holds the world beneath her gentle sway.

Dreams, vague dreams, how they beckon to our fancy!
Some of them remembrances, the others—who can say?
What is it within our hearts that answers to the summons?
What the call of magic power that leads our thoughts astray?

Sweet as only dreams can be, yet touched with wistful longing
Ghosts of autumns vanished, how they rise to haunt the brain,
Some as clear as yesterday and some too faint for telling
When October comes to us with Memory in her train.

By Hill and Dale in Manitoba

Wild Geese

By R. W. Dunlop

THE saying "cute as a fox" runs at large, but he who knows the wild geese feels the inadequacy of the expression. To say "cute as a goose" would sound paradoxical in the face of that other proverbial expression, "silly as a goose," but it would be nearer the truth than either the first or the second phrase. Of all our wild birds and animals, the goose is the "cutest," and the most knowing. He has an eye like the eagle's that surveys miles of area from the gallery of the air. As he soars along above the earth, he takes in everything minutely, and seldom makes a mistake if man's strategy is not at work. Almost the only way to bag a goose is by the use of strategy, or an expert use of the long-range rifle.

In flight they proceed in regular order. The old gander, hero of many migrations, and expert navigator of the air from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, forms the apex of the V. Following him in pairs, which spread farther apart from front to rear, come the flock in two lines converging at the leader. Where he goes, they will follow, keeping an unvarying distance apart and never breaking the inverted V formation—barring accidents such as guns. When fired upon obliquely from the front, they rise instantly to safer air, form again, and sail along, keeping the great pace serenely.

We see them in our country in April, passing in magnificent angles up the north wind to their summer homes among the lonely lakes and mountains. Occasionally they alight for food upon our wide, exposed fields, but they are too wary to settle down near any cover which might conceal an enemy. While the flock feed, guard is kept by a sentinel. He occupies the most advantageous position for observing the surrounding country, and watches for danger signs. If he sees the top of your cap protruding from a grass-clump, or over the edge of a stone, he gives the alarm, and you may then go home gooseless.

The period of spring migration lasts about two weeks. No more geese are seen till late in autumn. Cold, windy weather comes, a little snow falls, and you think it is time for the geese. But the wind swings around to the south and the weather warms again. Still you keep watching the northern sky, still listening for the well-remembered "Honk! honk! honk!" in the early mornings. Morning after morning you pick up your milk-pail with a sigh, and turn towards the barn without a sight of the journeyers.

One night you awake about three o'clock, and hear the wind howling down from the white wastes of the north, and swishing the snow against your window. You rise, moved by some indefinable instinct, and look out at the threatening weather and the ring about the moon. Through the open sash you lean, and as you do so you hear a faint "Honk! honk! honk!" Against the dim paleness of the moon you catch a glimpse of an irregular triangle, its apex pointed towards Texas. The geese are going south.

In the gray of the morning you awake to find the sky clear and a light snow on the ground. The earth is frozen in spots, but the sloughs are open, save for a fringe of ice at their edges. The wind is from the north and has a smell of snow in it. It is goose time.

Up from the northern horizon they come floating in battalions, and fade away in the southern blue. Morning and evening their ragged strings trail themselves across the cold blue sky. During the day they feed, and if they discover good grounds near a large slough in a secluded locality, they will make a temporary camp and establish themselves for perhaps two weeks, or until the weather forces them to move on. It is during this period that the hunter cleans his gun, and starts out to try his fortune.

An experienced sportsman will study carefully the habits of the flock—their line of flight, feeding grounds, and night water. Then he will select the most desirable place in which to dig his pits. These will be either near the slough, on which they spend the night; or near the field of stubble where they feed in the morning. They will rise from the water immediately after daybreak, and make for the stubble. Before alighting, they will encircle the field many times, seeking for signs of danger. If none are seen, they will come down in irregular squads, and proceed warily to breakfast.

Goose-pits are holes dug in the ground in which man may be concealed from the eye of his quarry. They must be deep enough and large enough to permit of the movements necessary to a shot. But whatever else they may or might be, they must be entirely invisible from above. This necessitates careful covering with grass and bushes, all the excavated earth, and the consequent cavity. But there must of course be a loop-hole of observation.

It sometimes occurs that the geese will come to the field in thousands, but will persistently refuse to come near the pits. To eliminate this chance of failure, the hunter must provide a flock of tin geese—decoys—near the pits. When the living flock flutter near, he calls in imitation of a goose. They are completely deceived, and alight among their supposed brethren in perfect confidence, whereupon the hunter promptly gives them both barrels. The noise frightens them, and they hurriedly rise into the air in disorder. Again the hunter fires. They are confused, and seeing the tin decoys standing in apparent safety and comfort below, they alight once more at the coaxing honk! honk! of the concealed hunter. At last in sheer desperation, they fly away, and the hunter collects the bag. The game is over for that day.

There are five distinct varieties of geese found in this country. The largest is the Canada gray goose, or honker, as it is frequently called. This goose weighs from fifteen to twenty pounds. The Hutchin's goose is a smaller bird, very similar in markings to the honker, but a swifter flier than its cousin. Besides these two gray varieties, we have the snow goose, white-fronted goose and blue goose, which go under a host of different names among the gunners. Being pure white, a flock resembles a snow-drift at a little distance and a large gathering of them forms a beautiful sight when on the wing.

However, scientific analysis does not disturb the hunter greatly, and when Thanksgiving comes around, still less do they matter. Honker, brant, or white goose comes smoking in, a most delicious brown on the platter, and the only analysis that is of value is that of "Light meat, or dark, Mary?"

Where the Spokane Flyer Lights

By Garnet C. E. Eubank

THE Spokane Flyer drills a hole through the days and another through the nights between the Twin Cities of Minnesota and the city of Spokane faster than any train ever did it before and faster than any other train is likely to do it for some time to come. You give your grips to the porter at St. Paul or Minneapolis, climb into the palatial sleepers, have dinner in the sumptuous dining car, retire for the night in the long, wide, high berths, spend a night of restful slumber, and next morning find yourself tearing through the rich agricultural background that supports the city of Moose Jaw. A few hours more of magnificent speed and the fascination of fast motion ends for twenty minutes at Moose Jaw, the largest city in Saskatchewan. In fact it must end here for this is the central divisional point on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Winnipeg and Calgary, as well as the terminus of the Soo Line, over which you have just hurried. No trains fly through Moose Jaw now, for the days of its water-tank and windmill history, though only a few years back, have given way to as great a burst of municipal progress as has been Western Canada's pride to see.

Moose Jaw has a spine of steel, not a single strip but interwoven strands with all their consequent strength. Here the C. P. R. pushes through its main line east and west. The Soo Lines come in from St. Paul. The Saskatchewan-Edmonton line gets its starting point for the Moose Jaw elbow, a branch of which will go to Saskatoon. Here too a net work of tracks give yardage room for a round-house of twenty-eight stalls as well as a general machine and repair shop.

Rushing westward the Spokane Flyer finds its way by Dunmore Junction to the Crow's Nest Pass and thence over the mountains to the populous cities of the coast.

In the days of the stage coach very little territory was laid tribute to any center of population, the means of transportation being far too slow and unsteady, but in these present times of special trains, tremendous speed brings districts in a radius of hundreds of miles in close touch with the larger cities, and so the Spokane Flyer, the Trans-Canada, the Imperial Limited and the Over-Seas Mail are all widening the commercial influence of Moose Jaw and every day increasing its prestige as a distributing and manufacturing point in a larger and still larger area. The railways have made Moose Jaw great and they are going to make it greater. Not only have they developed its natural potentialities but brought new ones as cogent as can be.

Moose Jaw is assuredly a great center for mixed farming. In addition to grain growing, the lands surrounding the city are going to be supplemented in their aggregate product by the stock raised on the grazing and ranching area between the city and the international boundary. These will total eight million acres all subordinate to Moose Jaw.

Some idea of the city's progressiveness may be obtained from the fact that in 1902 the assessment was hardly nine hundred thousand dollars whereas this year it has passed the six million mark.

The Dominion Census, taken June 24th, 1906, placed the population of Moose Jaw at 6250—increase in five

OPPORTUNITIES OF TODAY, the unique new magazine, published at Chicago, and devoted to the cause of bringing opportunity seekers in touch with opportunities all over the world, has formulated an admirable plan for "covering" Western Canada. This plan will be carried on under the direction of Mr. Garnett C. Eubank, who, at the suggestion of the Western Canadian Immigration Association, has been appointed editor for Canada, and whose duty it will be to present facts and figures on Canadian development to the readers of the publication. The plan includes an extended trip through the prairie provinces and British Columbia by Mr. Eubank. OPPORTUNITIES OF TODAY is equipped with superb facilities for accomplishing its mission. It is possessed of an art department unexcelled in the United States, and its editorial staff numbers among its personnel some of the best known newspaper and magazine writers of America. Mr. Eubank, who has been assigned to the Canadian field, was formerly editor of "The American Business Man."—The Editor.

years of 4692. The population increased over 1000 last year and is now estimated at 7500. The city owns its waterworks and electric light plants. Here are found D. McLean's flour mills, capacity, 250 barrels daily; W. White's brick yard, capacity, 2,000,000 per year; five chartered banks; one private bank; two daily and one semi-weekly newspapers; six churches; all lines of business represented; good hotels; telephone system; eight miles of water mains and sewerage.

The corporation is now sinking a test well. 2000 feet for natural gas. There are rich desposits of clay located 25 miles south. One deposit is firebrick clay, quantities of which have been brought in by wagon and manufactured here; the quality is first class. Another deposit is pottery clay of a superior quality. Experts have tested this clay and pronounce it most suitable for sewer pipes and delf. A railway from Moose Jaw to these clay deposits, and men with capital to develop the same, are required to establish industries, the products of which are to-day in great demand, and, as settlement increases the demand will continually grow.

There are five hotels at present in Moose Jaw and another large one under construction. The C.P.R. has plans prepared for the erection immediately, of a new $175,000 hostelry for the convenience of tourists and the general traveling public.

Moose Jaw offers the best location in Western Canada for an abattoir, a meat packing industry, and the industries practically associated therewith—a soap factory and a tannery. Soon these great provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta will have a population of millions, where now they have hundreds of thousands. To supply their wants there must be industries established by men of experience, brains and capital. The tillers of the soil, the pioneers of the greatest industry in Canada—agriculture—are showing the way to manufacturers. They are demonstrating the possibilities of Western Canada by results, and they are speaking in a language that cannot be misunderstood, such as: We produce the wealth; we must have supplies, manufacturing industries must come to us.

Into the New Places

By A. F.

THE march of the immigrants is this year assuming very much the aspect of an exodus into the regions beyond. Settlement has for many years confined itself largely to the country adjacent to the railways, and, although it has of necessity reached farther back as the lands have been taken up, the construction of new roads has followed so quickly that the settlers have seemed to be taking up chiefly the central and more convenient territory. Now, however, there is a marked movement into the hinterland, and numbers of newly-arrived settlers are going into the districts that a few years ago were looked upon as impossible.

Notable among these new districts are the Peace River country and the tract of land lying along the proposed route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway toward the Yellowhead. The former is destined to become very shortly one of the banner farming districts of Canada. It will be remembered that a report made a few years ago upon the agricultural resources of the Peace country by the younger Macoun was skeptical and discouraging, but the results recorded by bona-fide settlers who have kept on experimenting discount the accuracy of that report and tend rather to show that the country

has almost infinite possibilities for future development. To further examine its resources and possibilities the Dominion Government has commissioned F. Lawrence, the farthest-north farmer in Canada, to conduct a series of experiments in agriculture and horticulture at his farm at Fort Vermilion, seven hundred miles north of Edmonton. Last year's crop of wheat at Fort Vermilion, it may be said, totaled something more than 20,000 bushels from a thousand acres.

Into this new farmers' northland are going men who want to see for themselves and who have been lured by men already there, to whom the Peace River country is the best of the West. Their numbers are not yet great, but enough have gone and are going to indicate a well-defined movement. It is, and will be for some years, the most truly pioneer colonization in Canada, but richness of soil and geniality of climate will make the conditions very endurable until such time as the railway comes. And that time will not be long delayed, if present indications are to be credited. One Canadian railway has a northern extension mapped out from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, a distance of one hundred miles, and a new project is now being financed for a road running eastward and north to Fort McMurray.

Less adventurous, perhaps, are the settlers moving out to the western farm lands between Edmonton and the Rockies. These are going in the sure and certain hope of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is to follow as soon as its roadbed can be built and its tracks laid. There is good country this side of the foothills, and numerous little prairie towns are already springing up along the line of the road that is to be. The Pembina district, for example, will need to be put down at once on the maps of settled Canada, for scores of prospective farmers are moving thither and taking up homesteads. In a year or two they will be shipping out good wheat by the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The immigrant of the average type is not, however, a man always of a single purpose, and sometimes his motives are mixed. There have been some prospective settlers who have moved out toward the new west this spring, traveling along the Edmonton trail with a wagon load or two of household effects and a few head of cattle, whose minds were filled, if the truth were told, not altogether with dreams or rich and fruitful farm lands, but with dreams also of yellow gold. For the report went out some time ago that gold had been found in the Yellowhead, and again in the Onemica River country, and the lure of the gold shared with the lure of the wheat lands. The reports were indefinite and the men who believed them most were most particular to keep their secret hopes and intentions to themselves. They quietly outfitted and struck toward the Yellowhead, presumably to go a-farming, but also in fact, to get near enough that in cases of actual gold strikes they might share in the luck that would fall to the first-comers. They will make, it may be hoped, good farmers, for the gold stories originated in somebody's imagination.

In the northern regions of Alberta and Saskatchewan, the real hinterland of the West, there will be surveyed this summer, in readiness for the settlers who will come next year, ten million acres of land. Lines were laid on an equal area last summer, and even when this season's work is done there will still remain in the West a total land area unsurveyed, but fit for settlement, equal to the entire area already surveyed. There is room for the people yet.

In the Service of the Company

By J. P. Turner

LYING is a tropical accomplishment. It is easy to get miraculous yarns anywhere in the South Seas—penny plain and twopence coloured. Any beach-comber will spin them for you by the hour.

But up in the Far North, on the edge of the Arctic,Barrens, lying is not so popular. One of the reasons why Canada has had so little trouble with her Indians is the truth and square-dealing of her men.

And yet for tales that stir the blood, give me an old northern post on a winter night, the fire roaring in the wide chimney, the stately cat sleeping beside the hearth, and one of the old-time factors remembering the chronicles of long ago.

It is a place to stir the imagination—the old log fort, built in the days of Prince Rupert's Land maybe, the fire-light flickering on the rough beams, the ancient steelyards hanging in the corner, the peltries on the floor, the huge home-made chair where the factor has so long sat enthroned to take tribute from his subjects—a place where one forgets cities and civilization, and becomes responsive to the Great White North, never changing, brooding, irresistible, content with her vast loneliness, resentful of all invasion, wonderful.

In such a fort I listened to a strange story, one that would be consigned to the limbo of fiction by most men, and yet one which I am convinced is true. You will smile as you read it, perhaps, and yet if you had heard Malcolm Stewart—the name will do as well as another—if you had listened to him while the snow whistled down the stone chimney, you too would have believed. And this is the tale.

A good many years ago while the arm of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company was yet the ruling power in the forest realms of Canada, there was a small post far to the north on the southern edge of the great Barrens. Here under the supervision of a stout-hearted son of old Scotland existed a little handful of white men and the ever present cluster of half-breed and Indian adherents.

Life in the log fort was a lonely sort of existence, cut off from the world of men during the long year, with the one exception of the provision supply-train's arrival. Yet the traders were self-adapted to meet all the vicissitudes of the north, and took life lightly. In the long dark nights, beneath the mysterious splendors of the Aurora Borealis, surrounded by the endless leagues of frozen solitude, many weird tales were told and many strange superstitions crept into their lonely lives.

Towards the end of an unusually long and uneventful winter, in which the amount of peltries received fell considerably below the average, the Scotch factor found himself in the hiterto unknown position of being forced to send out men to trade among the Indians and Eskimos, instead of merely waiting for them to come with their winter catches.

Among others who were known to be within reach was an isolated village of Dog Rib Indians, who were said to be encamped some two hundred miles away, awaiting the north-coming of the caribou herds. Concluding that they would have considerable to trade, the factor decided to dispatch a party of three white men and two Indians with dog teams and sleighs to find the Dog Ribs and procure what pelts they had to offer. To make the loads lighter, only enough food was taken for the journey north, the party relying upon the Indian village to supply them for the return journey.

The little party started away one cold bright morning in March, and

after nearly a week's travel, with their food supply exhausted, they came upon the location of the Dog Rib village. Snow had fallen heavily during the week, and all traces of the camp were obliterated except for a few tepee poles upright in the smooth whiteness. For reasons best known to themselves, the Dog Ribs had vacated their village, and the snow had entirely filled up their tracks.

To attempt to follow was useless. Provisions were exhausted, and to proceed further was only to increase the danger of starvation. No alternative lay open to them other than the dash for the Company's post, two hundred miles away across the snowy wastes. Perhaps they might meet with a stray caribou or other game on the way. If the worst came to the worst, there yet remained the dogs, but men will suffer and endure much rather than resort to killing their huskies. There was nothing else to do.

A strong brew of the little remaining tea was consumed, and with stern faces and belts pulled tight, the little company of adventurers took up the homeward trail. For men without food or rest, the first day's march showed the metal of the travellers, for before halt was made at nightfall for a few hours of hunger-visioned sleep, the distance was reduced by forty miles.

Long before daylight spread above the snow-wrapt solitudes, the men were again on the move. A second brew of weak tea from the tea-leaves of the day before helped to revive their stiffened limbs to action, and without counting the probable cost, serene in the hope of accomplishing the impossible, yet gradually weakening from want of food, they swung lamely off for the second day's march.

Mid-day dragged around and saw them pressing on, the Indians leading, the white men taking turn about with the sleighs. Towards sundown one man played out and was forced to trust to the weary dogs. The rest struggled on mechanically, and when the little group huddled about their cheerless fire at nightfall, thirty miles additional lay behind.

The third day was but a repetition of the second. Weak, footsore and famished, they struggled on. In vain they watched for signs of deer or any creature that might afford a meal, but nothing was seen. The Indians and one white man led the way, while the straining dogs brought on the other two, one raving incoherently in delirium. That day but fifteen weary miles were made. More than half the journey remained before.

Among the stunted growths of a water-course they made their fire that night, and the Indians cast hungry glances at the dogs, that lurked with savage, sinister eyes beyond the circle of the fire's glow. Instinctively they shunned the men, and the wolf blood in their shaggy bodies slowly gained the mastery. More than once they set to fighting among themselves, and the Indians prepared to kill one of the huskies.

Suddenly the fire seemed to leap into new life. Ashes and burning brands were scattered upon the snow. The logs up-ended, tumbled back, and fell apart. The white man sprang up and stared wild-eyed; one of the Indians fell back, muttering. Only one man was unmoved. Knife in hand he crept towards the possessed fire while his comrades watched him, wondering if the cold and hunger had driven him the way of his white comrade. The logs reared up again, and the Indian leaped into the flames. A brief struggle followed in which the fire and the Indian seemed as one, and from which hungry yells and hoarse rumbling growls were emitted. Then to the astonishment of all, the Indian emerged from the logs of the almost extinguished fire, dragging the carcass of a big black bear. Fate had ruled that in all that great wilderness the third night's fire should be made above the sleeping animal buried in the snow.

Nonsense, you say? Perhaps. Where the Street Inspection Commission is the final authority, one finds it easy to smile a superior smile and discount such a tale. But there were men about that camp-fire under the Northern Lights who ate and thanked God for the miracle.

Women of Winnipeg

By Edward Angus

THE west wind that wimpled the wild grass of old,
God's gift to the wild things that peopled the plain,
Is sighing and singing o'er oceans of gold,
And I too am sighing to see them again.
To westward the mountains; to eastward the woods;
And wonderful Winnipeg—there with the goods!

O women of Winnipeg, sunny and sweet,
I wonder how soon I shall see you again!
Brown hair, and hair that's like ripening wheat,
And "atmosphere" fresh as the breath of the plain,
As bright as the morning bespangled with dew,
O women of Winnipeg—I'm all for you!

Fair dames whose brave husbands stand ready to die,
With no greater glory than death for your sake;
Fair damsels whose worshippers languishing lie,
All nursing their hearts that you ruthlessly break,
Undervalued, mismeasured and misunderstood,
O women of Winnipeg—all to the good!

We smile when you smile and we weep when you weep,
You sweep every chord in a sensitive soul,
You cost us some heart-aches; you lose us some sleep;
Etcetra, etcetra—yet on the whole
We love you, half human and wholly divine,
O women of Winnipeg—surely for mine!

The monk-man who knows not and never can know,
Who knows not he knows not, will never know why
We muse-courting mortals should sing to you so,
Why brave men are willing to do and to die
For love of you; and will not stop to inquire.
O women of Winnipeg—*under the wire!*

Mr. Cricket and His Flute

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "The Book of the Singing Winds"

OF course you know that the fairies come up and dance in their fairy rings every moonlight night. Of course! Everybody knows that, except the people who don't have eyes for fairies, and they don't count.

Well, they have to have a band to play for them, and maybe you wouldn't believe me if I told you that that fat, black, old Mr. Cricket was one of the band, would you?

You would? Really? Well, then, I'll tell you the stor about him.

Once-upon-a-time he was a slim little elf in a red coat and green cap, and he used to sit on a moss-cushion and whistle on a grass-flute. And all the fairies loved to have him play for them to dance by.

There were Billiken and the Nasturtium-Girl, of course, and Twillikens and Buff, and Tip-toe, and Fiddlekins and Toots and Pug and Queet, and all the Sweet-pea children, and dozens and dozens more. When the moon came up, big and yellow from the other side of the world through the grasses, the fairies all gathered from star-swing and earth-palace and flower-chamber for a hands-all-around dance.

Billiken had the end of the chain, and began the fairy-song:

Oh Moon,
Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
We're all ready,
An' the wind walks steady,
Oh Moon,
Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

And Mr. Cricket whistled the accompaniment, as he sat under his toad-stool, while the rest of the band joined in. Oh, they had merry times on moonlight nights when they had their dances!

But by and by he began to get old, and being out nights made him have rheumatism, for he was not like the fairies that eat nothing but dew and honey and live forever.

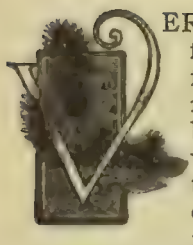
So the King put his flute on his shoulders forever so he wouldn't have to carry it in his rheumaticky old hands. And the Queen gave him a warm black coat to keep him dry and cosy from the dew.

And Mr. Cricket played in the band ever after, so when you hear him tuning up about sleepy-time, you'll know the fairies are going to dance.

THE FAIRIES GATHERED FOR A HANDS-ALL-AROUND DANCE

The Tenderfoot

By Francis Dickie



VERY slowly the Tenderfoot rose from his unfamiliar bunk and moved out through the bunk-house door towards the long porch of the hacienda, where the copper bowl of the full moon rose threateningly above the level darkness of the prairie

"Homesick, ain't he? Poor critter!" remarked young Jim Halloway to his chum, looking after the new man, and watching his cigar-end glow and fade in the darkness. "Not much wonder in this hell-hot country. He's from Canada."

"They most always is, the first day. Guess we've all been homesick," responded the other boy. "I'll take three—aces preferred."

The poker game went on, and the bunk-house thought no more of the tall figure sitting on the steps, fighting off the first terrible pangs of homesickness.

The chill of evening had fallen. In the marshes the frogs croaked a dreary melody, and were answered from the ravine by the hollow, booming call of the great horned owl. The Tenderfoot felt his heart pounding against his ribs in muffled throbs that hurt like blows.

"Blanche!" he muttered harshly. "Blanche! Blanche! Blanche!" and with the word, rose savagely to his feet, and gripped his fingers together, while the mocking call of the great owl answered his cry.

The girl seated behind him at the dusky window trying to get a breath of cool air watched him thoughtfully. Aileen Doran had been with her father only a few months, and found the silent, stalwart cowboys of constant interest. Fresh from an Eastern college, the new surroundings were strange to her. The silence, the freedom, the appalling space of this vast, lonely country filled her with oppression and desire. She felt utterly alone, and the lonely figure of the Tenderfoot filled her with sympathy.

The men had been silent and aloof, always courteous when addressed, but never offering a common topic of conversation. Perhaps it was only because she was the owner's daughter. If she had known their secret worship of her, perhaps she might have spoken more easily with them, but as it was, she knew nothing of them.

She was a woman whom men might well serve, tall, queenly, with mobile features and deep gray twilight eyes. About her smooth forehead curled tiny ringlets which had escaped from the heavy mass of her wonderful hair. Red, yet not red, it was an indefinable color that drew the eyes of men after her, and lay in great masses, crowning her stately head with a tiara that a queen might have envied.

Her dusky eyes were full of loneliness and longing as she gazed out into the night, and saw the motionless figure of the Tenderfoot silhouetted against the lighted sky. If she could help him—. She rose, and went out into the porch. The wind touched the casement where she had been leaning and shook out the light hangings. It brushed the cheek of the Tenderfoot with soft fingers, and he turned to meet it.

There in the moonlight she stood, her white dress gleaming, her hand half extended, her delicate face lifted to the silver glory, an elfin vision that brought the Tenderfoot's heart up into his throat with a sob.

They stood motionless, transfixed, for what seemed like an hour. The Tenderfoot stiffened every muscle of his body, and the girl stood with wide eyes, seeing, feeling, divining she knew

not what. Then the man spoke from a parched throat—

"Blanche? It isn't true? I'm dreaming? Blanche, for God's sake, say it is not you. Good God, haven't you made life bitter enough for me?"

Aileen Doran caught her breath. So this was what he had been dreaming there in the darkness. And she had come to help him—what cruelty! She put out her hands with an impulsive gesture.

"Forgive me," she said in her low, vibrant voice, "Forgive me for causing you this bitterness. I am not Blanche—may I not make amends for reminding you of her? No! No! you will only remember her the more. You must not see me again."

She had spoken quickly, almost passionately, without choosing her words. The Tenderfoot listened to the music of her voice, and shook his head.

"No, please do not think so," he answered. "I shall not want to forget you. The plains and the saddle will help me to forget Blanche, but I shall remember you always."

She stood silent, looking at him gravely.

"Always and always," he repeated, putting out his hand, and she took it solemnly, without a word.

"It is strange we should speak so—utter strangers," he said musingly. "Do you believe in predestination?"

Aileen Doran looked up at him with a change of mood that mirrored itself in her face like a breeze stirring a quiet sea.

"Perhaps!" she countered. "Who knows?" and with a rustle of silken skirts she was gone, leaving him with her enigmatical answer ringing in his ears.

The moon had risen far up the sky, and the prairie was silent, bathed in the silver flood of light from skyline to skyline. The Tenderfoot turned away with a musing smile on his lips. Silently and happily he entered the bunkhouse, and threw himself on the bed.

* * *

Months had gone by, swiftly and uncounted on the ranch. The Tenderfoot's body had ceased to ache after long hours in the saddle, and the cowboys felt a kind of respectful friendliness towards their silent,busy comrade with his gentleman's speech, and his reserve. Like all their race, they asked no questions, nor sought to break in upon his solitude.

It had been hot for weeks. Day after day the same fierce sun rose over the plains and night after night set in a golden blaze of feathery clouds. The water was drying up, the grass withering, and the cattle growing restless. Occasionally the Tenderfoot saw a tall figure in the saddle, a sombrero pulled over her eyes, riding far across the prairie, but she was never near enough to exchange a word.

One sultry evening the Tenderfoot rode night watch, always moving, always circling the herd. The cattle were unusually restless, and to an old hand the signs would have been ominous, but the watcher was oblivious. In the distance twinkled the fire where his mates lay sleeping. On three sides the level prairie stretched away for miles. On the fourth was a deep, rocky gully, with steep precipices and a savage river plunging down among rocks at the bottom. On the horizon lightning flashed intermittently, and the Tenderfoot hoped for a shower.

Suddenly a blinding flash lit up the prairie, and a crashing peal of thunder broke upon the air. With a wild bellow the herd leaped to its feet. A thousand horns flashed in the half-light, and mingling with the thunder-peal rose the terrible roar of thousands of frightened cattle. The Tenderfoot knew the meaning of that horrible cry, and dug spurs into his horse He was nearly abreast of the leaders in the mad stampede, and in the camp the other cowboys were saddling up frantically, while fainter and fainter became the thud of thousands of flying feet.

Into the Tenderfoot's head flashed the terrible thought that the cattle were headed straight for the gully. If they were not turned thousands of them would go over the cliff. The ravine was scarcely a mile away. Quick action must be taken. He galloped on beside the leaders, shouting

and waving his arms, but to no purpose in that mad babel. The long cruel whip lashed out across them, and the leading cattle veered a trifle. The Tenderfoot emptied his revolver into the leaders, and the herd swayed again. Once more the bullets sang, and the main body of the herd wheeled to the edge of safety. He had accomplished it. The herd was saved. But a small bunch of young bulls had not turned, and before the Tenderfoot knew it, they were upon him, closing around him, and bearing him down towards the dangerous gully.

Yet there was a chance for life. With difficulty he pulled himself out of the saddle, but the cattle were wedged in a close-packed mass, and he lit upon swaying backs. He staggered to his feet, and with awkward falling leaps and bounds, tried to gain the outer edge of the herd. The time was too short. With a terrible noise the leaders were leaping into space at the edge of the cliff.

Into his mind came the memory of that moonlit night, and Aileen Doran's last words. "Do you believe in predestination?" he heard himself saying, and smiled at her answer, "Perhaps, Who knows?" There was still a chance, for he was close to the outer edge. Predestination wasn't going to make any difference. He made one more leap for the rear of the herd—and went over the edge with the last steers with a shuddering crash.

* * *

Dawn was just breaking over the silent plains when a party of cowboys marched wearily into the hacienda, and laid a limp, battered figure on the white bed. Carefully, almost reverently, they drew the coverlet over him, and went quietly out to the bunk-house, leaving him alone with the doctor and Aileen.

For a century of pain the two worked over the Tenderfoot, hoping against hope, snatching every little advantage, coaxing the ill-used body to breathe, were it ever so faintly, and hardly daring to look into each other's eyes lest either should read a 'No' there.

It was growing dusk one evening when the Tenderfoot slowly drifted back to consciousness. Vaguely he stared before him, trying to realize that he was again in the world. At the foot of the bed sat Aileen, looking down upon him with an infinite tenderness in her eyes.

That gaze woke new life in his veins, and he stirred.

"Aileen!" he whispered feebly, and softly, without a word, she rose, and knelt beside him.

"You've come back," she murmured.

He put up his arms weakly, and drew her face down to his.

"I've come back, darling—to you," he muttered brokenly. "Is it true, Aileen? Do you love me—can you love me? Will you come with me—home?"

With a tired little sigh she leaned her stately head on his shoulder.

"Anywhere, dear," she answered. "To the end of the world with you—or for you."

"We'll go North again, Aileen," be whispered brokenly. "I've been dreaming of the pine woods and the great fields of wheat until it seemed as if I should go mad. And you—you know?"

The hot wind of the plains blew in at the window and tossed the thin curtains. She rose impatiently at the touch of it, and stretched out her arms to the north.

"Ah, the cool North!" she said aloud. "The cool North! This wind burns me—burns me! Oh, dear heart of mine, we will go," and with a low cry, she knelt beside him, her lips on his.

The doctor, who had finished his cigar and come to look at his patient, quietly shut the door again and tiptoed away, leaving them alone in the twilight.

A Canadian Irrigation System

By Ernest Cawcroft

THEY are casting things in a large mould out in Western Canada. That circle which seems to bound every prairie covers a large area of mother earth, and the men of the newer clime are inspired by the width of their horizon to make their concrete plans upon the same extensive basis. They are looking into the future with a confidence born of twenty-five wheat bushels to an acre, in Southern Alberta. And, then, they share the optimism of spirit which prompts railroad magnates to build their highways of steel through the wilderness; indeed, in this modern day they are content to extend their line from somewhere in the East to a harbor of the West, knowing that the land-thirst of the race will stimulate a Westward migration destined to create settlements and towns in the intermediate interior.

An adequate map of the Dominion must always be a recent edition. The migration of peoples and the growth of settlements are so rapid that one cannot depend upon the present deficiencies of the geography with which he crammed for the college entrance examinations. But taking a recent map of the Dominion, follow the line of the Canadian Pacific westward from Winnipeg to Calgary, that typical English city, two thousand miles from the Atlantic and eight hundred miles from the waters of the Pacific. Remember, too, that Calgary is one of the pivots of the Agricultural Empire. Running easterly from Calgary, your finger will trace a large area, one hundred and fifty miles in length and with an average width of forty miles, situated between the Bow and Red Deer Rivers. The western boundary of this Southern Alberta block of prairie is thirty-four hundred feet above sea-level, and it slopes easterly to a level of twenty-three hundred feet above the high-tide of the Atlantic

This strip of land between the Bow and Red Deer Rivers includes an area of three million acres. When the Calgary irrigation project is completed the system of main and secondary canals will supply water for a larger strip of agricultural country than any other similar enterprise on earth. It is within the decade that the historian of the day commended the initiative and administrative ability displayed by Lord Cromer in constructing those gigantic Nile dams, which combined to furnish water power and irrigation to the lands adjacent to the historic river. And while the general public is interested in the many irrigation projects in the Western States of the Republic, no one of which or any three combined include so many acres, or are beset with as many engineering difficulties as have characterized the progress of the Calgary enterprise towards completion. The fact remains, however, that the general public has not comprehended the magnitude of the Southern Alberta project. The reason for this must be credited to the fact that the attention of the public has been absorbed by the over-night changes in the administrative heads of the Panama canal; and in a busy speculation as to whether the trend of financial affairs will permit the State of New York to sell bonds sufficient to continue the work on the one hundred million Erie barge canal. Overshadowed by domestic projects, it is only within the last six months that the Calgary enterprise has commenced to assume a position as one of the seven wonders of the world. Were we living in any ordinary decade; were the Erie

and Panama canals completed, or not within the conception of dreamers, we should turn to the Calgary project as one of the enterprises destined to assure the record of this generation as one of the most remarkable of the new century.

Down in New Mexico, there in the valley of the Rio Grande, able engineers, backed by the millions of the Untied States Government, are creating an irrigation system designed to provide water for two hundred and fifty thousand acres. That system is the subject of extended Governmental reports, many magazine articles and a host of special pictures. What shall we say then—how shall we present the magnitude and effect—of this Calgary project, which involves twelve times as large an area of agricultural land and which is in the very heart of the granary of the British Empire?

These three million acres, with a regulated rainfall, so to speak, comprise a state as large as Connecticut and a strip of territory as extensive as many of the well known islands of the West Indies. Divided into the conventional one hundred and sixty acre Canadian farms, the completion of this enterprise implies the colonization of twenty thousand farmers, together with their families. In other words, the Calgary project will provide homes and a bountiful livelihood for one hundred thousand people at the least calculation. Estimating twenty bushels to the acre, which is admitted low, this area of assured fertility will produce sixty million bushels of wheat from year to year. This is half the size of the prospective wheat crop throughout Canada during the coming fall. What wonder, therefore, that men regard this center between the Bow and Red Deer Rivers, and pivoting on Calgary, as one of the future seats of the Empire.

A more detailed examination of the enterprise will show the larger view of Canadian men of affairs and their faith in the future development of their portion of the Dominion at least.

Human disappointment, common greed, an ambition to provide against the unexpected pranks of nature, not unlike many other beneficial enterprises, were the stimulating factors in the development of this plan for an irrigation system. Those who were early acquainted with Canadian possibilities realized that Southern Alberta was destined to become one of the pantries of the British Empire. The land was fertile, the occasional rigors of winter climate were fanned into warmth by the "Chinook winds" of the Pacific ocean and every element combined to fulfil the hopes of the ambitious settlers. Nothing but the dry seasons of 1892-3 prompted men to think that it was possible to improve upon the handiwork of nature in Southern Alberta. The experiences of those years proved to many that the men who assured a permanent, though artificial, rainfall on the fertile fields of Alberta, were on the way to fame and fortune. This does not warrant the assumption that the summers are unusually dry, or that the region is to be shunned by those who intend to cultivate non-irrigated lands; but simply that a certain value, both in pocket and peace of mind, attaches to the lands of a farmer, who knows that whatever may be the rainfall he may produce twenty-five bushels to the acre during successive seasons.

The first thing to seek when completing plans for an irrigation system is an unfailing source of water supply; and the promoters of the Calgary enterprise found that in the Bow River. The Bow is not subject to the possible Alberta dry season. Taking its rise in the heights of the Canadian Rockies, the ever-freezing and ever-melting glaciers of the Continental Backbone afford a continued supply of water from year to year. An exceedingly warm season means that a greater portion of the glacier will melt into wheat-water and a mild, moderate season implies that the freezing glacier is automatically storing more water for the dry seasons ahead.

It is under these auspicious natural conditions that the three million acre tract was selected. For convenience of construction and subsequent colonization, the territory was divided into Western, Central and Eastern sec-

tions. The Western division primarily engaged the attention of the engineers; and to-day as a completed enterprise, as the area in which thousands of Americans are settling, the detailed nature of the project is worthy of attention. The continued work on the other two sections is simply a repetition in design and engineering difficulties of the problems that demanded solution in the construction of the Western division.

The completion of the plan for providing irrigation on every prospective farm included in the Western division of one million acres, necessitated the construction of a main canal. That waterway heads in the Bow River two miles east of Calgary and it extends seventeen miles. One hundred and twenty feet at the water line in width, tapering to sixty feet at the bottom, it seems like a veritable channel of commerce, rather than a waterspout of Southern Alberta. This main canal terminates in a natural reservoir which has a length of three miles, a width of one-half mile and a depth of forty feet. This seventeen-mile canal is the key to the sucessful operation of the system. Extending from that channel are secondary canals sixty feet in width at the waterline and half that distance across at the dirt line. Under ordinary circumstances the completion of the several secondary canals would end the enterprise in so far as a Government or holding corporation was concerned. But in this instance it has been the ambition of the backers of the enterprise to take the irrigating water to the door of every farm and in that they have succeeded. Connected with these secondary canals are a series of ditches whose total length of eight hundred miles furnish the avenue for distributing the Bow River water over every one of the million acres in the plot. Having thus placed the water at the very doorway of the farm, the farmer is in a position to regulate his supply and determine the needs of the season, through the construction of small sluices.

The completion of the main division involved the construction of one thousand miles of main and secondary canals, exclusive of the laterals for each prospective farm. Two and one-half million cubic yards of dirt were excavated in the construction of the seventeen-mile canal and the combined excavation represented nine million cubic yards of material. There were grades to find and make; there were small-sized Culebra cuts to attack and diminish; there were streams to be controlled and turned about; and that the one million-acre tract is open to settlers this year reflects credit upon the men who risked two million dollars in an unknown field; upon those captains of industry who met engineering difficulties by orderng more and larger steam shovels, and upon all who combined their energies to make the "dirt fly," despite the pessimistic prophecies of the members of the All-Sit Club, who early foresee the defeat of every enterprise during their morning solution of the problems of the age as they chatter under the stimulating warmth of the grocery store coal fire.

But the excavation of nine million cubic yards of earth, though nine times the size of the pile taken out of Culebra during any month at the present rate of operations, was not the only problem requiring solution. There were intakes and head-gates necessitating careful construction and mechanical adjustment; there were heavy timbers to be placed at every point on the main and secondary canals where underwater pressure was probable; and the grades were arranged with such nicety that when two of the twenty head-gates were opened on the first day, though there is but one inch difference between the level of the intake and the end of the seventeen mile canal, the water of the Bow reached the terminus in forty-six hours. This is indeed a compliment to the men who were responsible for the adjustment of the mechanical arrangements to the grading features of the irrigation system.

Americans who are earnestly concerned in the efforts of President Roosevelt to conserve the nation's title to the public domain will be interested in the concrete precedent afforded by the Calgary irrigation system. It is a funda-

mental law of the Dominion that all river water is the property of the Crown, and that the use or diversion of lakes or streams is a violation of the statute unless approved by the proper officials after formal application. This in effect serves the double purpose of preventing the private invasion of public rights, or properties, and it protects the individual by the strong arm of the Government once he has been accorded water rights. The man or company desiring to secure water privileges by patent for irrigation purposes must formally state in the application the definite area to be irrigated, the amount of water needed and the time within which the system will be completed. These water rights "run with the land" as the lawyers are in the habit of saying; and it is after a formal public hearing that such rights are granted, and thereafter the Dominion accords those privileges the same protection this is extended to contracts under the constitutional provision of the United States prohibiting any State from impairing the obligations of contracts. It does, in addition, force the holder of the water patent to construct the irrigation system within the near future, rather than allowing the holder to await the incoming population during a speculative period of the distant future. Look, then, at the practical aspects of the law as applied to the Calgary system—observe, indeed, the precedent afforded the legislators of this country; the promoters of the Calgary system have been granted the right in perpetuity to use two thousand cubic feet of water per second out of the Bow River. That means that the Government will forever prevent others from exercising privileges anywhere adjacent to the stream likely to diminsh the required supply of water; it implies that the farmers who take acreage with water rights attached cannot be deprived of their privileges by adverse holders and that nothing can interfere with the artificial rainfall except nature. Nature is kind in this region, and even when the glaciers are melting more slowly up in the Rockies, the source of the Bow, that river has never gauged less than three thousand cubic feet a second. Thus at the lowest point on the governmental records, the Bow afforded one thousand cubic feet of water per second more than is needed for the irrigation of the three million acres.

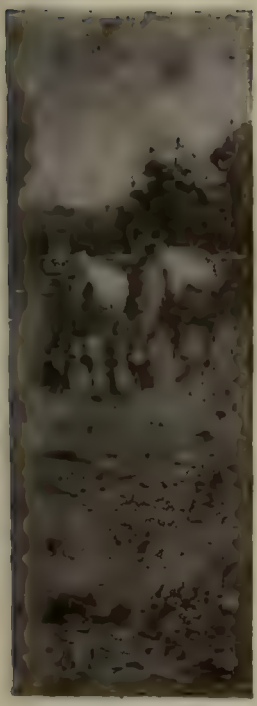
The steam shovels and the engineers have now been turned to an attack upon the difficulties to be encountered in the construction of the Eastern and Central portions of the system. It is estimated that the completed system will involve the excavation of twenty-five million cubic yards of earth. When the three million acres have been placed under irrigation three thousand miles of main and secondary canals will have been constructed involving an expenditure between five and six millions of dollars. In the extent of this plan, the nature of the constructive operations and the beneficial effects accruing upon the completion of the work, the Calgary irrigation system is manifestly one of the gigantically interesting projects of the country.

There in a land of unbounded resources; there on that table land where wheat, alfalfa, hops and every kind of mixed farming is possible, and on those prairies and beside those rivers and canals where the cattle, the horses and the sheep of Alberta develop those singular elements of strength and quality which win the admiration of the markets of the East; who can measure the ultimate extent of the benefits accruing from an irrigation system which will aid nature in adding to the bountiful harvests provided for man?

Here and there on the Western division, the houses and barns of incoming Yankees, Germans and men of all nations, foretell the coming decade when a veritable agricultural State will enjoy the benefits of the Calgary irrigation system.

Trails of the Prairie

By Walpole Murdoch



To those accustomed to a country possessed of a rough surface, with many rocks, abrupt hills, frequent swamps and other obstacles to easy traveling that exist more particularly in new districts, the roads of the prairie region must cause surprise and admiration on account of their vast length and perfect smoothness. Excepting during a very wet time there is no difficulty in moving heavy loads for hundreds of miles over pathways where no money or time has been spent on improvements.

On these prairie roads, smoothed only by the wheels of the wagons, travelers will sometimes drive their horses sixty or seventy miles in a single day without considering that an injustice has been practiced on the animals, although the horses may think differently. The absence of steep hills and general freedom from obstacles on the prairie roads, lead men to use means of conveyance and locomotion such as would be impracticable in almost any other than a prairie country and even houses on wheels have ceased to be a novelty. Settlers moving from one point to another, bridge builders, surveyors, and others, like the snails, often take their houses with them, sometimes in the form of tents upon wheels, and sometimes the cabins are made of thin boards.

The fine roads of the prairies also permit the use of traction engines that not only travel from one point to another to drive the threshing machinery, but besides this haul after them separators and heavily loaded waggons. When land hunters or explorers find it necessary to move to great distances the prairie roads form pleasant pathways on which to journey, for besides being smooth and dry there is in summer abundance of the finest pasturage for horses and cattle on either side over a wide extent of the country.

As there are trails everywhere from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains and from the Missouri River to the Polar Sea, it is an easy matter to travel during the summer, and in autumn excursions on the prairie are delightful for then game abounds. There are deer and partridges in the groves, with sometimes a bear; there are wolves on the plains, ducks and geese on the ponds, fish in the rivers and grouse everywhere. Hunter, settler, mover, farmer and gypsy all take to the prairie trails.

THE era of purely utilitarian and inartistic house-building is past. The narrow, ugly hall, and flight of steep stairs that met the visitor in the houses of our childhood is taboo. The inconvenient arrangement that made house-keeping an endless and thankless labor has given place to modern fittings that save steps for mistress and maid. The scroll-saw ornamentation is evanished, and a period of sensible and simple house-building has succeeded the old construction.

The residence illustrated in the accompanying cut has been designed to meet the requirements of people whose tastes are artistic and correct, but whose means are moderate. For beauty of exterior design and convenience of interior arrangement, it should especially appeal to the housewife who takes pride in the beauty of her home. It has been designed especially to meet her needs and preferences. It requires but a small amount of study to demonstrate its successful solution of the problem which confronts so large a percentage of our population.

It will be at once evident upon looking at the ground floor plan that it is laid out with every convenience pertaining to modern housekeeping, and that it is consequently unusually easy to care for. The rooms are large, well-lighted, and airy, and are so arranged that they may be used singly or *en suite*.

The main entrance is through the vestibule into the large reception hall. This room is accessible to any room on the ground floor, making it easy to answer the door wherever the housekeeper may chance to be. The main stairs begin in this hall, and after a flight of six easy steps, are met at the landing by a series of steps from the kitchen, thus forming a combination stair which is especially convenient and gives complete privacy to the rear of the house.

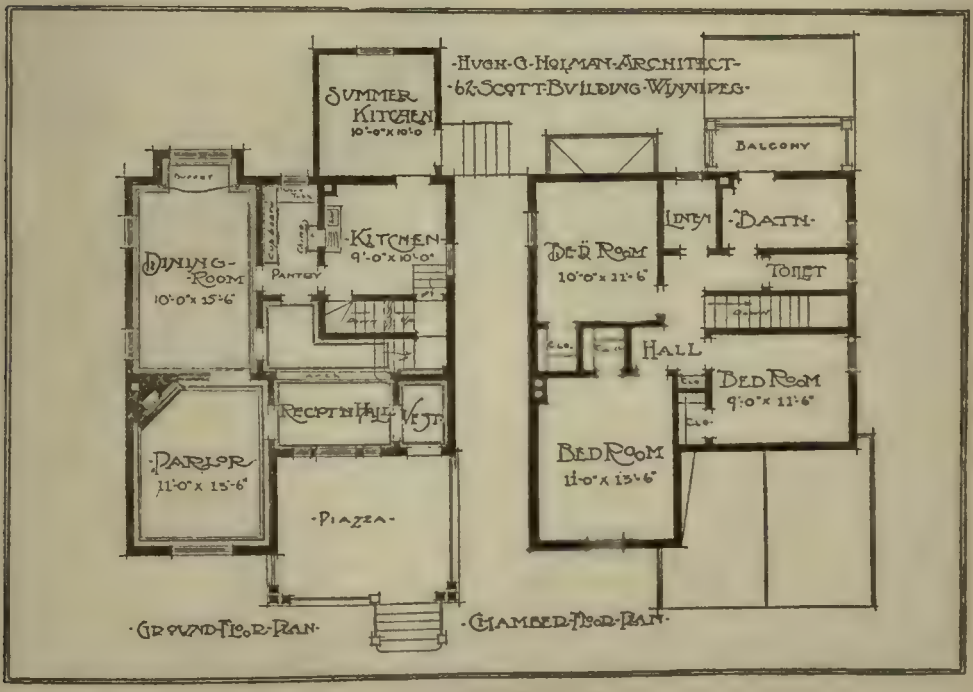
The pantry is fitted up with all the modern appliances, such as cupboards, work-table, baking-board, tilting meal-bins, drawers, china-closet with sliding wicket at back to allow china to be placed in closet after being washed at the sink, and all other contrivances so dear to the housekeeper.

The special feature of the dining room is the buffet built into the wall. This is part of the house, and is included in the specification, and detailed by the architect in any style desired by the client or intending builder. This gives a very solid and artistic appearance to the dining-room which is very desirable.

The second floor has three large light, airy bedrooms with an abundance of closet room, and also a large linen closet or press. There is a small medicine closet in the hall, and it will be noted that the bathroom and the toilet are separate, which is a great convenience. There is also a balcony at the rear of the bathroom to allow the bed-linen to be aired over the railing in the morning.

The basement is fitted up in the most complete fashion with vegetable, fuel and fruit cellars, cistern, hot air furnace, concrete floor, ash-pit, etc., and is finished in every detail.

A NEAT LOW-PRICED HOME



THE GROUND FLOOR PLAN

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

MISS CAMPBELL'S STORY NEXT MONTH

IN our September issue we told you that we would soon publish Miss Campbell's brilliant new story, "The Masterpiece." We have scheduled it for the November number, and we are already curious to know what you think of it—personally, we have seldom met a more convincing tale. It is a difficult piece of literary craft to handle a story in the form of letters, and Miss Campbell has made Douglas Macleod's letters to his chum tell one of the saddest and most common tragedies of the artist in words or paint or harmonies.

The boy 's brilliant success, after half a dozen years of grinding in a treadmill of a little southern paper, the success that went to his head like wine, the success that he struggled so bitterly to repeat, and his ultimate victory and defeat are graphically, vividly told. Look for the story next month, and read it not merely as a piece of fiction, but as a bit of living humanity.

WHAT WE OWE AMERICAN MAGAZINES

AMERICAN magazines have done more real service to Canada than Canada can ever repay. Their correspondents have been sent through Western Canada, and articles on the Last West have appeared in such magazines as the Review of Reviews, Success, the Metropolitan Magazine, the World To-day, and a host of others.

To show our readers what these magazines have done for us, to preclude the possibility of any Canadians remaining ignorant of their work, we have reprinted in the CANADA-WEST from time to time such articles as Edward E Higgins' "The Wheatlands of the Canadian West," from Success Magazine; Miss Agnes Dean Cameron's "The Empire of a Larger Hope," from the Metropolitan Magazine ; "John Bull's Bread-basket" from the same publication ; "The Northwest Trails," from the World To-day; Ernest Cawscroft's articles from the Business Man's Magazine, and numerous others.

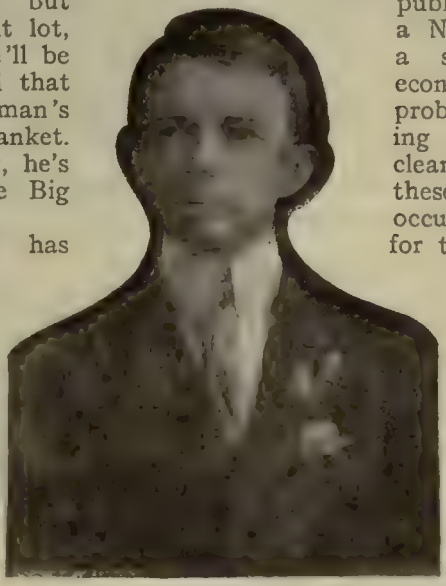
Fresh from the mile-a-minute development of their own West, these magazines have understood the significance of Canada's recent amazing progress, and have chronicled it from month to month in their columns. This means that many times this year thousands have learned about Canada, her people, her growth, her opportunities. The demand for information is constantly increasing; the number of Americans who come to take advantage of the opportunities suggested in these editorial columns is constantly increasing; and the magazines in supplying the existing demand for Canadian material constantly create a new demand for facts and fiction, statistics, poetry, crop reports, and romance, anything and everything about the Great Northwest.

Bought in the form of advertising space, the cost of these articles would mount up into the thousands—we had almost said millions. Bought in the form of advertising space and given over to direct advertising of Canada

the pages would not carry one-third the value of these editorial articles. And for this publicity Canada pays nothing. To be sure these magazines have been given a few scattering advertisements by some of the boards of trade, private corporations and other Canadian institutions, but the whole amount of this advertising is not a tithe of the value of the copy turned out in the United States every thirty days.

"HOMES" BY HOLMAN

"AROUND a town a man's consid'able likely to have a home," remarks one of the engaging cow-boys of modern fiction. "Maybe it ain't nothin' but a barrel on a vacant lot, but all the same, he'll be likely to stay 'round that barrel. Out here a man's home's his saddle-blanket. First thing you know, he's moved it over the Big Divide."



HUGH G. HOLMAN

Western Canada has never been as familiar with the saddle-blanket home as the Western States have been and are. More and more her people are giving up the blanket and the camp for handsome and permanent dwelling houses, as civilization pushes back the huskie and the mush-man.

The CANADA-WEST recognizes this—recognizes that our subscribers are interested in real home-making, and it is to help them to work out their ideas that we have begun the new department which is appearing for the first time in this October issue under the title, "Homes by Holman."

Mr. Hugh G. Holman is one of Canada's leading architects, and his suggestions are the outcome of practical experience and careful study. His plan for a moderate-priced house, which is illustrated in this number, is most convenient and artistic. We believe it will be of interest to a large number of our readers who are thinking of building for themselves, and very possibly are not within reach of an experienced architect.

Mr. Holman will continue his plans and suggestions in subsequent numbers, solving various problems and meeting different conditions which may confront the prospective housebuilder. We hope that his work will be of service to the readers of the CANADA-WEST.

MR. CAWCROFT AND HIS WORK

MR. Ernest Cawcroft, whose article on the irrigation system we are publishing this month, is a New York lawyer with a strong bent towards economic and industrial problems. His legal training shows in his logcal, clear-cut, careful studies of these subjects, which have occupied much of his time for the last few years.

In 1905, soon after his admission to the bar, he went to Europe for the *Business Man's Magazine*, investigating commercial conditions there from the American view-point. In September of 1906 he went to Jamaica and other islands of the West Indies, later making a circuit of the United States and Canada, on commercial and political investigation. This spring he visited the West Indies and the Panama canal. He is a contributor to many of the American business magazines, such as *My Business Friend*, *Tom Watson's Magazine*, etc., and has been connected with numerous Eastern newspapers.

The Editor.

WELL IN ADVANCE.

"I WOULD like to look at some household goods," said the tall brunette as she entered the big furniture shop. "You see I expect to be married soon."

"Ah, indeed," said the over-polite clerk; "just step this way. We have special inducements for young couples just starting in housekeeping. When is the glad event to come off?"

"Well-er-the day hasn't been settled yet."

"Oh, I see; the lucky young man has just proposed, and—"

"No, he hasn't proposed yet, but—"

"Ah, he is going to propose. How long has he been calling?"

"Well, he hasn't started calling yet, but—"

"What is the young man's name?"

"Really, I don't know at present, but mamma says she thinks some nice young man will start calling soon, so I wanted to be in time."

WHAT IT SAYS

IF money talks
As some folks tell,
To most of us
It says "Farewell."

NOT STILL, NOR SMALL.

"WHEN you do something you know is wrong doesn't a still, small voice keep reminding you of it eternally?"

"A still, small voice!—I guess you never met my wife, did you?"

OTHERWISE.

A WORD to the wise is wasted.

A rolling stone gathers much experience.

A party and his money are soon fooled.

Modesty is the best policy.

A company is known by the men it keeps.

Discretion is the unpopular part of valor.

Time and tide could wait for no woman.

REMEMBER THIS.

NO AMOUNT of practice at leaping legal fences here will give you enough spring to clear the walls of the City there.

AMBITION.

AMBITION is the tack on the chair that keeps mortals from sitting down to rest too often.

HOW TO KILL A MAGAZINE.

DO NOT subscribe. Borrow your neighbor's paper. Be a sponge.

Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow. Be a chump.

Never hand in a news item, and criticize everything in the paper. Be a coxcomb.

Tell your neighbor that he pays too much for the paper. Be a squeeze.

If you can't get a hum on your anatomy and help make the paper a success, be a corpse.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL AND TORONTO

Cities and districts of Western Canada have been and are invited to use these columns in making known to the outside world the special inducements they have to offer to capital and labor. Communications to insure publication must be terse, true, and above all, practical. They will be published without cost, not as advertisements but as editorial information.—EDITOR.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Prince Albert is on the Saskatchewan River, surrounded by a country of great richness and beauty. The district is perfectly adapted for mixed farming, and with twelve new townships now opening, it offers great inducements to homesteaders. This year the lumber exported is worth over a million dollars. Next year it will total over a million and a half dollars. Work is plentiful, wages are good. It is a city of large possibilities for the investor, wholesaler, manufacturer and builder. The very best openings exist for a packing house and abattoir, a foundry and a machine shop, an oatmeal mill. It has exhaustless stores of the best of clay for pressed bricks, limitless water power in its rivers. easily developed. The Hudson's Bay Route which brings the West 1,300 miles nearer Europe, places Prince Albert in the foremost position among Western cities

REGINA.

Regina, formerly the Government seat of all the Northwest Territories and now the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural advantages to manufacturers of farm machinery and implements, flour, flax and oils, bricks and cement; and to distributors of general merchandise, especially of those goods suitable for a farming population. The volume of business which radiates from Regina would keep a number of large mercantile establishments busily employed. In the northeastern portion of the city 1,600 lots with spur track accommodations, have been set aside by the city for factories,and in addition to this the city has reserved 400 lots alongside of the Q.L.L. & S. railway recently acquired by the Canadian Northern.

SHEHO, SASKATCHEWAN.

Sheho, which means "Prairie Chicken" in Cree, is situated about 350 miles northwest of Winnipeg at the end of the Yorkton branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is sometimes referred to in song and story as "Track's End." While very little advertising is being done for this part of Saskatchewan, those who have had the privilege of looking over the different parts declare it to be fine "all-round" country. For many miles in all directions it is a mixture of timber, prairies, streams and lakes. Sheho is a thriving village, in the center of this district, draws trade from a long distance in all directions, and has good openings for a grist and feed mill, and for a newspaper.

GREAT FORTUNES

Have been made by buying shares in a

GOOD COAL MINE

In the first stages of development. We offer for a short time only shares of the

BRITISH COLUMBIA AMALGAMATED COAL CO.

15c **Per Share** **15c**

Par Value of Shares $1.00. Non-Assessable. No Personal Liability

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT

Property—17,500 acres of Valuable Coal Lands in famous Nicola Valley, B. C.
Five Seams of Coal, from 5 ft. to 11 ft. thick, underlie this vast area. Estimated quantity of coal in these reserves is ONE BILLION FOUR HUNDRED MILLION TONS.
2,000 acres lie beside the Nicola Branch of the C.P.R. This property is to be immediately developed.
Coal will be shipped before Christmas, so the Company's Engineer states.
Stock will go up when production commences, and before that.
As production increases stock should go steadily higher, and eventually reach a high value.
This has been the experience of nearly all Western Coal Companies, whose stocks at first sold at only a few cents per share.
An investment for very great profits.
The Coal is there. It is proved by diamond drilling. It is a question of time and money only to start it coming out.
At the Company's Annual Meeting, in February, 1907, the Treasurer reported Cash in Bank, $33,794.70. Plenty of money with which to commence operations.
The Directors are all capable, substantial business men, able to carry the Company to success.
The President is :
R. L. Durham (Vice-President Merchant's National Bank, of Portland, Oregon).

Profits—Coal can be mined at $1.00 per ton profit. A production of 3,000 tons per day would produce $1,000,000 profits per annum, enough to pay 18c per share on the present amount of stock that has been issued, namely, 5,400,000 shares. These shares cost only 15c now. The company's aim is to produce 3,000 tons per day, as early as possible. In time the production should still further increase 1,000 shares when stock goes up to par value, will be worth $1,000. They cost only $150 NOW. PROFIT IS $850, OR 566 2-3 PER CENT. ON THE INVESTMENT IN THE RISE IN THE STOCK ALONE. TO THIS MUST BE ADDED THE DIVIDENDS.

WE RECOMMEND THIS INVESTMENT. We believe it will make big money for the Stockholders.

DO NOT DELAY but send in your order AT ONCE, with remittance, and afterwards write us for full particulars.

STOCK IS RUNNING SHORT. It is a Great Opportunity —Don't miss it.

We will sell stock on the installment plan. Send 25 per cent. of price with order. You can pay balance in one, two and three months, if you wish. In this way a larger block can be secured.

N.B.—In some of our former advertisements an error occurred. The profits accruing through the rise of shares to par value was stated to be 1,133 per cent. It should have been only 566 2-3 per cent. This, however, should satisfy any reasonable person. We do not know where we could look for a more profitable investment at the present time.

Everyone can invest in at least one hundred shares of this Good Stock.
Four monthly payments of $3.75 secures them. Take more if you can.
Invest a portion of your spare cash and make money. Do it now.

Write or wire orders at our expense, or better, call and see us.

FRYER & CO.

INVESTMENT BROKERS

Write us for information and booklet called "COAL TALK."

Suite 315 D, Kennedy Bldg. OPPOSITE EATON'S Portage Ave., Winnipeg

PHONE 7010

Office open every evening from 7.30 to 9 o'clock (except Saturday)

WINNIPEG.

Winnipeg, lying midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific,is the Chicago of Canada. In 1870 its population was 215. In 1902, it was 48,411. In 1906 it was well above the 100,000 mark and is growing with the stride of a giant. Thousands of citizens in the raw from the East and South pour daily through its portals, most of them bound for the wheat fields beyond. But many of them stay and make good. Winnipeg is the city of every man's opportunity. The man with initiative who comes himself and looks over the field, seeing the need and being quick to supply it, is the man who will succeed.

DAUPHIN

Dauphin is situated 178 miles northwest of Winnipeg on the Canadian Northern Railway. It is a town of about three thousand inhabitants and is growing rapidly. It offers inducements to furniture factories, pork packing establishments, wagon, buggy and carriage factories, sash and door factories and planing mills, paper mills, canneries, soap factories, biscuit and candy works, oatmeal mills, cheese factories and many minor industries of a remunerative nature. The Dauphin district is good farming land, as high as fifty-five bushels of wheat having been raised to the acre six miles from the town. It is also a railroad center, and the railroad yards are being extended.

FORT WILLIAM.

Opportunities for the manufacturer of stoves are especially ripe at Fort William. Stoves cannot be shipped by the lake and rail route to the west owing to the damage done in moving. Here steel and iron can be landed at the same cost and at times cheaper than at points on the lower lakes. Pig iron was last year put down at Fort William from Scotland at exactly the same price including freight charges as at Montreal. Coal too can be secured here for steam purposes as cheap as at Buffalo, viz., $3.75 per ton while unlimited power at a low rate is to be had from the Kakabeca Falls. Fort William is endeavoring at present to secure a shipbuilding concern. Both for building boats and repairing the damage occasionally done the fleet of lake steamers calling at this port there is an exceptionally fine opening. In any line where steel and iron comes into the manufacturing of goods there is an opening at Fort William. Everything points to this city at no distant future becoming the great manufacturing center of Western Canada. It has the finest natural harbor on the Great Lakes, the largest elevators in the world, is the lake terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and is on the line of the Canadian Northern. Fort William's future is particularly bright and is attracting the attention of manufacturers both on this continent and across the water.

PINCHER CREEK

Pincher Creek is the distributing point for the great Crow's Nest Pass mining and lumbering district, and is growing so fact that they have to keep a speedometer on the city hall. There are openings for the manufacturer, who can secure coal two miles from town for his power; for the jobber, who does a trade with the mines or miners; for merchants of every sort; for land and real estate men; and for the farmer. There is an opening for another flour mill. The town has a population of over 1000, is one of the oldest towns in the province, and has all modern improvements. The tax rate is low the highest assessment being eight mills, and the school assessment five mills. The country is well watered and record crops of fall wheat are raised in the district. There is always a cash sale for hay, oats, and farm produce of every kind.